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PERLYCROSS.

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### FRANKLY SPEAKING.

SUPPOSING a man to be engaged (as he often must be even now, when the general boast of all things is that they have been done by machinery,) in the useful and interesting work of sinking a well by his own stroke and scoop; and supposing that, when he is up to his hips and has not got a dry thread upon him, but reeks and drips like a sprawling jelly-fish, if at such a time there should drop upon him half a teaspoonful of water from the bucket he has been sending up, surely one might expect that man to accept with a smile that little dribble even if he perceives it. Alas, he does nothing of the kind! He swears, and jumps, as if he were in a shower-bath of vitriol, then he shouts for the ladder, drags his drenched legs up, and ascends for the purpose of thrashing his mate who has dared to let a drop slip down on him. Such is the case; and no ratepayer who has had to delve for his own water (after being robbed by sewage-works) will fail to perceive the force of it.

Even so (if it be lawful to compare small things with great) even so it has been, and must be for ever, with a young man over head and ears in love, and digging in the depths of his own green gault. He throws back

his head and he shovels for his life: he scorns the poor fellows who are looking down upon him; and he sends up bucketfuls of his own spooning, perhaps in the form of gravelly verse. The more he gets waterlogged the deeper is his glow, and the bowels of the earth are as gold-beaters' skin to him; but let anybody cast cold water, though it be but a drop, on his fervid frozen loins, and up he comes with both fists clenched.

These are the truths that must be cited in explanation of the sad affair next to be recorded; the quarrel between two almost equally fine fellows, Dr. Jemmy Fox to wit, and Master Frank Gilham. These two had naturally good liking for each other. There was nothing very marvellous about either of them, although their respective mothers perceived a heavenful of that quality. But they might be regarded as fair specimens of Englishmen, more wonderful perhaps than admirable in the eyes of other races. If it were needful for any one to make choice between them, that choice would be governed more by points of liking than of merit. Both were brave, straightforward, stubborn, sensible, and self-respecting fellows, a little hot-headed sometimes perhaps, but never consciously unjust. It seemed a great pity that such a pair should fall away from friendship,

when there were so many reasons for goodwill and amity, not to mention gratitude, that flower of humanity now extinct, through the number of its cuttings that have all damped off. Jemmy Fox indeed had cherished a small slip of that when Gilham stood by him in his first distress; but unhappily the slightest change of human weather is inevitably fatal to that very miffy plant.

Young as he was Frank Gilham had been to market already too many times to look for offal value in gratitude, and indeed he was too generous to regard it as his due; still his feelings of friendship, and of admiration for the superior powers of the other, were a little aggrieved when he found himself kept at a distance and avoided, for reasons which he understood too well. So when he heard that young Dr. Fox had returned from that visit to his father, he rode up to Old Barn, to call upon him and place things upon a plainer footing. Jemmy received him in a friendly manner, but with his mind made up to put a stop to any nonsense concerning his sister Christie, if Gilham should be fool enough to afford him any opening. And this the young yeoman did without delay, for he saw no good reason why he should be made too little of. "And how did you leave Miss Fox?" he asked, as they took their chairs opposite the great fireplace in the bare room, scientific with a skull or two and artistic with a few of Christie's water colour sketches.

"I had no difficulty in leaving her," Jemmy answered, with a very poor attempt at wit, which he intended to be exasperating.

"How was she, I mean? I dare say you got away without thinking much of anybody but yourself." Frank Gilham was irritated, as he deserved to be.

"Thank you; well, I think upon the whole." Jemmy Fox drawled out his words, as if his chin were too slack to keep them going, and he

stroked it in a manner which is always hateful. "Yes, I think I may say upon the whole, that she was quite as well as can be expected. I hope you can say the same of your dear mother."

Frank Gilham knew that he was challenged to the combat, and he came forth, as the duty is, and the habit of an Englishman. "This is not the first time you have been rude to me," he said, "and I won't pretend not to know the reason. You think that I have been guilty of some presumption in daring to lift my eyes to your sister."

"To tell you the truth," replied Fox, getting up and meeting his steadfast gaze steadfastly, "you have expressed my opinion better than I could myself have put it."

"It is not the sort of thing one can argue about," said the other, also rising. "I know very well that she is too good for me, and has the right to look ever so much higher; but for all that, I have a perfect right to set my heart upon her; especially considering,—considering that I can't help it. And if I do nothing to annoy her, or even to let her know of my presumption, what right have you to make a grievance of it?"

"I have never made a grievance of it. I simply wish you to understand that I do not approve of it."

"You have a perfect right to disapprove, and to let me know that you do so. Only it would have been more to your credit if you had done it in an open manner and in plain English, instead of cutting me, or at any rate dropping my acquaintance. I don't call that straightforward."

"The man is a jackass. What rot he talks! Look here, my fine fellow; how could I speak to you about it before you acknowledged your infatuation? Could I come up to you in the street, and say,—'Hi there! You are in love with my sister, are you? If you want to keep a sound skin, you'll haul off.' Is that the straightforward course I should have taken?"

"Well, there may be something in the way you put it. But I would leave it to anybody whether you have acted fairly. And why should I haul off, I should like to know? I won't haul off for fifty of you. Because I have got no money, I suppose! How would you like to be ordered to haul off from Miss Waldron, in case you were to lose your money, or anything went against you? Instead of hauling off, I'll hold on,—in my own mind, at any rate. I don't want a farthing of the money of your family. I would rather not have it,—dirty stuff, what good is it? But I tell you what,—if your dear sister would only give me one good word, I would snap my fingers at you and everybody. I know I am nothing at all. However, I am quite as good as you are; though not to be spoken of in the same week with her. I tell you, I don't care twopence for any man, or all the men in the world put together, if only your sister thinks well of me. So now, you know what you may look out for."

"All this is very fine, but it won't do, Gilham." Fox thought he saw his way to settle him. "Surely you are old enough to see the folly of getting so excited. My sister will very soon be married to Sir Henry Haggerstone, a man of influence and large fortune; and you,—well to some lady who can see your value through a ball of glass, as you do. That power is not given to all of us; but on no account would I disparage you. And when this little joke is over, you will come and beg my pardon, and we shall be hearty friends again."

"Sir Henry Haggerstone!" Gilham replied, in a tone of contempt which would justly have astonished that exemplary baronet. "Not she! Why, that's the old codger that has had three wives; fiddles and fiddlesticks, I'm not afraid of him! But just tell me one thing now, upon your honour. Would you object to me, if she liked me and I had a hundred thousand pounds?"

"Well, no, I don't know that I should, Mr. Gilham."

"Then, Dr. Fox, you would sell your sister for a hundred thousand pounds. And if she likes to put a lower price upon herself, what right have you to stop her?"

"I tell you, Gilham, all this is childish talk. If Christie has been fool enough to take a fancy to you, it is your place, as a man of honour, to bear in mind how young she is, and to be very careful that you do nothing to encourage it."

"But there is no chance of such luck. Has it ever seemed likely to you, my dear Jemmy, that she,—that she even had any idea——"

"A great deal too much, I am afraid. At least, I don't mean to say that exactly,—but at any rate,—well, enough to place you on your honour."

"And upon my honour I will be,—not to neglect any shadow of a chance that turns up in my favour. But I can never believe it, Jemmy; she is ever so much too lofty, and too lovely, and too clever—did anybody ever see such fingers, and such eyes, and such a smile, and such a voice? And altogether——"

"Altogether a pack of rubbish. The sooner you order your horse the better. I can't have you raving here, and fetching all the parish up the hill."

"I am a sensible man, Jemmy Fox. I know a noble thing, when I see it; you are too small of nature, and too selfish for such perception. But you may abuse me to your heart's content. You will never get a harsh word in reply, after what you have told me; because there must be good in you, or you would never have such a sister. I shall take my own course now, without the smallest consideration for your crotchets. Now don't make any mistake about that. And as for honour, clearly understand that I shall pitch it to the devil."

"Well, don't come here with any more of your raving; and don't expect

me to encourage you. You have been a good fellow,—I don't mind saying that—until you took this infernal craze."

"Oh, I won't trouble you; never you fear. You are doing what you think right, no doubt; and you are welcome to do your worst. Only there is one thing I must say. I know that you are too much of a man to belie me to your sister, or run me down behind my back. Shake hands, Jemmy, before I go; perhaps we shall never shake hands again."

"Get somebody to leave you that hundred thousand pounds," said Fox, as he complied with this request, "and then we'll shake hands all day long, instead of shaking fists at each other."

"Jem Crow said to his first wife's mother, What right have you to be anybody's brother?"

Gilham responded, being in high spirits, with this quotation from that piece of negro doggerel with which all England was at that time crazed. And thus they parted, with a neutral smile and none the less perhaps, in that each of them perceived that the parting would prove a long one.

"What will Niece have to say about all this? I shall not be contented until I know," said Fox to himself when his visitor was gone. "I have a great mind to go and get my riding-gaiters. That blessed mother of hers can scarcely growl at me if I call to-day, considering how long I have been away. I seem to knock under to everybody now. I can't think what has come over me."

When a man begins to think that of himself, it shows that he is getting pugnacious and has not found his proper outlet. The finest thing for him is a long ride then, or a long walk if he has only two legs. Fox was shaking down upon his merits, but still a little crusty with himself, and therefore very much so with every

one outside it, when his pretty mare pulled up, to think about the water she was bound to walk through at Priestwell.

This is one of the fairest hamlets to be found in England. There are houses enough to make one think of the other people that live in them, but not so many as to make it certain that a great many people will be nasty. You might expect, if you lived there, to know something about everybody in the place; and yet only to lift up your hands, and smile, when they did a thing you were too wise to do. The critical inhabitant in such a place, unless he is very wicked, must be happy. He falls into a habitude of small smiles; "many a mickle makes a muckle," if that be the right way to quote it, which it isn't; however the result is all the same, he knows what he is about, and it leads him to smile twenty times for one smile he would have had in town.

All these things were producing a fine effect upon the character of Dr. Gronow. By head and shoulders, without standing up for himself for a single moment, he was the biggest man at Priestwell; in knowledge of the world, in acquaintance with books, in power to give good advice, and to help the people who took it, the largest. And after the many hot contentions of his life, and the trouble in being understood (where the game never pays for the candle) here he was taken at his own appraisal after liberal prepayment. He was not a bad man, take him all in all; though inclined by nature to be many-angled, rather than many-sided. And now, as he stood on the plank that goes over the brook where the road goes under it, he was about as happy as the best of men can be. The old doctor in truth was as full of delight, though his countenance never expressed it, as the young doctor was of dejection. And why? For the very noble reason that the wiser man now had his fly-



rod in hand, fly-book in pocket, creel on back, and waterproof boots upon stiff but sturdy legs. And, main point of all, he was just setting forth; his return might be effected perhaps in quite another pair of shoes.

The Priestwell water flows into the Perle from the north, some half-mile higher up than the influx of Suscot brook from the south, and it used to be full of bright stickles and dark hovers peopled with many a bouncing trout. For a trout of a pound is a bouncer there, and a half-pounder even is held a comely fish, and sooth to say, the angler is not so churlish as to fail of finding joy in one of half that size. Not a sign of spring was on the earth as yet, and very little tidings of it in the air; but any amount was in the old man's heart, as he listened to the warbling of the brook, and said to himself that he should catch perhaps a fish. He was going to fish downwards, as he always did, for he never liked to contradict the water. At the elbow of the stream was his own willow-tree at the bottom of his lawn, and there a big fish lived, the Dr. Gronow of the liquid realm, who defied the Dr. Gronow of the dry land. Ha! why not tackle him this very afternoon, and ennoble the opening day thereby? For the miserable floods, and the long snow-time, and the shackling of the stream is over; no water-colour artist could have brought the stickles to a finer fishing tint; and lo there is a trout upon the rise down there, tempted by the quiver of a real iron-blue!

With these thoughts glowing in his heart, and the smoke of his pipe making rings upon the naked alder-twigs, he was giving his flies the last titivating touch—for he always fished with three, though two were one too many—when he heard a voice not too encouraging. "I say, Doctor, if you don't look out, you'll be certain to get bogged, you know."

"Don't care if I do," replied the

doctor, whisking his flies around his head, and startling Perle with the flash of his rod.

"You had better go home," continued Jemmy, "and let the banks dry up a bit, and some of your fish have time to breed again. Why, the floods must have washed them all down into the Perle, and the Perle must have washed them all down into the sea."

"That shows how much you know about it. I have got a most splendid patent dodge at the bottom of my last meadow. I'll show it to you some fine day, if you are good. It is so constructed that it keeps all my trout from going down into the Perle, and yet it lets all the Perle trout come up to me; and when they are up, they can't get back again of course; and the same thing is reversed at the top of my grounds. I expect to have more fish than pebbles in my brook. And nobody can see it, that's the beauty of it. But mind, you mustn't say a word about it, Jemmy. People are so selfish!"

"Of course I won't; you may trust me. But when you have got everybody else's fish in your water, can you get them out of it? I know nothing at all about it. But to make any hand of angling, is it not the case that you must take to it in early life? Look at Pike, for instance. What a hand he is! Never comes home without a basketful. He'll be here again next week, I believe." Fox knew well enough that Dr. Gronow hated the very name of Pike.

"I am truly sorry to hear it. I am sure it must be high time for that lad to go to college. Penniloe ought to be sent to prison for keeping such a poacher. But as for myself, if I caught too many, I should not enjoy it half so much, because I should think there was no skill in it."

"Well now, I never thought of that. And, *pari ratione*, if we save too many of our patients we lay ourselves open to the charge of luck."

"No fear for you, Jemmy; you are

not a lucky fellow. Come in and have a talk with me, by-and-by. I want to hear the last news, if there is any."

"Yes, there is some; but I must tell you now, or never. For I have to ride round through Pumpington, and I came this way on purpose to get the benefit of your opinion."

"But, my dear fellow, it gets dark so soon"—Dr. Gronow looked wistfully at his flies. "Well, if you won't be more than five minutes, I will put an iron-blue on instead of a half-Kingdon. But don't be longer than you can help. You are the only man in the parish I would stop for."

Omitting all description, except of persons, Fox told the elder doctor what he had learned at the mouth of the Mendip mines, and at the *Smoking Limekiln*, as well as what he knew of Harvey Tremlett from Mr. Penniloe's account, reminding him also of Joe Crang's description, and showing how well it tallied.

"My advice can be given in a word, and that is, not a word," answered Gronow, forgetting his flies for the moment; "not a word to any one, but Mockham the magistrate, and not even to him until needful. Shrove-Tuesday, you say, is the date of the Fair. Don't apply for your warrant until that morning, if you can get it then without delay. Only you must make sure that Mockham will be at home to issue it, and you must have Joe Crang there quietly, and gag him somewhere for the rest of the day,—perhaps a little opiate in his beer. You see it is of the first importance that not a word should leak out about your intention of nabbing those fellows at the Fair until you are down upon them; for your birds would never come near the trap. It is perfectly amazing how such things spread, faster than a bird can fly almost; for the whole world seems to be in league against the law. There is plenty of time for us to talk it over between this and then, if you only keep it

close. Of course you have not mentioned it to anybody yet."

"Not to a soul; I had sense enough for that. But I might have done so before long, if I had missed meeting you to-day. Shall I not tell even Penniloe? He has known everything hitherto."

"Certainly not yet. He is quite safe of course, so far as mere intention goes; but he might make a slip, and he is a nervous man. For his own sake he had better not have this upon his mind. And his ideas are so queer; if he were questioned, I feel sure that he would not even tell a white lie, but be frightfully clumsy, and say, 'I refuse to answer.' Better tell the whole truth than do that; for suspicion is shrewder than certainty."

"But I don't like concealing it from him at all. I fear he will be hurt when he comes to know it; because we have acted together throughout, and the matter so closely concerns his parish."

"Have no fear, Jemmy; I'll make that all right. We will tell him about it on the day of action, and let him know that for his own sake only I persuaded you to keep it from him. Why, the fellow's daughter is in his house, and a wonderfully clever imp, they say. And I am not at all sure that he would not preach about it. He thinks so much more of people's souls, than of their parts that are rational."

"Very well then, for his own sake I won't say a word to him about it. You are right; it would make him miserable to have such a shindy so long in prospect. For it will be a rare fight, I can tell you. The fellow is as big as an elephant almost; and my namesake, Jem Kettel, is a stuggy young chap, very likely to prove a tough customer. And then there will be Timberlegs, whoever he may be."

"All right, Jemmy, we will give a good account of them; mind *v.* matter always wins the verdict. But let me congratulate you upon your luck. We must get to the bottom of this

strange affair now, if we can only nab those fellows."

"I should hope so. But how do you think it will prove? Who will be detected as the leading villain? For these rogues have only been hired of course."

"Well I own myself puzzled, Jemmy, worse than ever. Until this last news of yours, I was inclined to think that there had been some strange mistake all through, while the good colonel slept still undisturbed. But now it appears that I must have been wrong. And I hardly like to tell you my last idea, because of your peculiar position."

"I know what you mean, and I thank you for it," Fox replied with a rapid glance. "But to my mind that seems the very reason why I should know everything."

"Well, if you take it so, friend Jemmy, as my first theory is now proved wrong, my second one is that Lady Waldron knows more about this matter than anybody else. She has always shown herself hostile to you, so that my idea cannot shock you as otherwise it might. Are you angry with me?"

"Not in the least, though I cannot believe it, thereby returning good for evil; for she was quick enough to believe it, or feign to do so, about me. There are things that tend towards your conclusion; I am sorry to acknowledge that there are; and yet, until it is positively proved I will not think it possible. She is no great favourite of mine, you know, any more than I am of hers. Also I am well aware that women do things a man never would believe; and some women don't mind doing anything. But I cannot persuade myself that she is one of that sort; she has too much pride to be a hypocrite."

"So I should have thought; but against facts where are you? Shrove Tuesday will tell us a thing or two, however. That is a very nice mare of yours. I know nothing of horses, but judge them by their eyes, though

their legs are the proper study. Good-bye, my boy! Perhaps I shall amaze you with a dish of trout to-morrow; they are always in very fine condition here."

# CHAPTER XXXI.

## A GREAT PRIZE.

ONE of the beauties of this world is, for the many who are not too good for it, that they never can tell what may turn up next, and need not over-exert themselves in the production of novelty, because somebody will be sure to do it for them. And those especially who have the honour and pleasure of dealing with the gentler sex are certain, without any effort of their own, to encounter plenty of vicissitude. Such was the fortune of Dr. Fox, when he called that day at Walderscourt. He found his sweet Niece in a sad condition, terribly depressed and anxious, in consequence of a long interview with her mother, which had been as follows.

For the last fortnight or three weeks Lady Waldron had not recovered strength, but fallen away even more, declining into a peculiar and morbid state. Sometimes gloomy, downcast, and listless, secluding herself, taking very little food and no exercise whatever; at other times bewildered, excited, and restless, beginning a sentence and breaking it off, laughing about nothing, and then morose with every one. Pretty Tamar Haddon had a great deal to put up with, and probably would not have shown the needful patience, except for handsome fees lightly earned by reports collected in the village. But Sergeant Jakes being accessible no more (for he had cast off the spell in the abbey on that Sunday) poor Lady Waldron's anxiety was fed with tales of very doubtful authority. And the strange point was that she showed no impatience at the tardiness of the inquiry now, but rather a petulant displeasure at its long continuance.

Now that very morning, while Fox

was on the road to call upon his beloved, she was sent for suddenly by her mother, and hastened with some anxiety to the room which the widow now left so seldom. Inez had long been familiar with the truth that her mother's love for her was not too ardent; and she often tried, but without much success, to believe that the fault was on her part. The mother ascribed it very largely to some defect in her daughter's constitution. "She has not one drop of Spanish blood in her. She is all of English, except perhaps her eyes; and the eyes do not care to see things of Spain." Thus she justified herself, unconscious perhaps that jealousy of the father's love for this pet child had been, beyond doubt, the first cause of her own estrangement.

This terribly harassed and lonely woman (with no one but God to comfort her, and very little sense of any consolation thus) was now forsaken by that support of pride and strength of passion which had enabled her at first to show a resolute front to affliction. Leaning back upon a heavy couch, she was gazing without much interest at the noble ivory crucifix which had once so strongly affected her, but now was merely a work of art, a subject for admiration perhaps, but not for love or enthusiasm. Of these there was no trace in her eyes, only apathy, weariness, despondence.

"Lock the outer door; I want no spies," she said in a low voice which alarmed her daughter. "Now come and sit close to me in this chair. I will speak in my own language; none but you and I understand it here now."

"It is well, my mother," replied her daughter, speaking also in Spanish; "but I wish it were equally well with you."

"It will never be well with me again, and the time will be long before it can be well with you. I have doubted for days about telling you, my child, because I am loth to grieve you. But the silence upon this

matter is very bitter to me; moreover it is needful that you should know, in case of my obtaining the blessed release, that you also be not triumphed over. It is of that unholy outrage I must speak. Long has it been a black mystery to us. But I understand it now—alas, I cannot help understanding it!"

Inez trembled exceedingly; but her mother, though deadly pale, was calm. Both face and voice were under stern control, and there were no dramatic gestures.

"Never admit him within these doors, if I am not here to bar them. Never take his hand, never listen to his voice, never let your eyes rest upon his face. Never give him a crust, though he starve in a ditch; never let him be buried with holy rites. As he has treated my dear husband, so shall God treat him when he is dead. It is for this reason that I tell you. If you loved your father, remember it."

"But who is it, mother? What man is this, who has abandoned his soul to the Evil One? Make me sure of his name, that I may obey you."

"The man who has done it is my own twin-brother, Rodrigo, Count de Varcas; Rodrigo the accursed one!"

The Spanish lady clasped her hands, and fell back against the wall, and dropped her eyes, as if the curse were upon her also for being akin to the miscreant. Her daughter could find no words, and was in doubt of believing her own ears.

"Yes, I know well what I am saying," Lady Waldron began again with some contempt. "I am strong enough. Offer me nothing to smell. Shall I never die? I ought to have died before I knew this, if there were any mercy in Heaven. That my twin-brother, my own twin-brother, the one I have loved and laboured for, and even insulted my own good husband because he would not bow down to him—not for any glory, revenge, or religion, but for the sake of grovel-

ling money—oh Inez, my child, that he should have done this!”

“But how do you know that he has done it? Has he made any confession, mother? Surely it is possible to hope against it, unless he himself has said so.”

“He has not himself said so. He never does. To accuse himself is no part of his habits, but rather to blame every other. And such is his manner that every one thinks he must be right, and his enemies wrong. But to those who have experience of him, the question is often otherwise. You remember that very, very faithful gentleman, who came to us about a month ago?”

“Mother, can you mean that man, arrogant but low, who consumed all my dear father’s boxes of cigars, and called himself Señor José Quevedo, and expected even me to salute him as of kin?”

“Hush, my child! He is your uncle’s foster-brother, and trusted by him in everything. You know that I have in the journals announced my desire to hear from my beloved brother—beloved, alas, too much and vainly. I was long waiting, I was yearning, having my son in the distance and you who went against me in everything, to embrace and be strengthened by my only brother. What other friend had I on earth? And in answer to my anxiety arrives that man, sedate, mysterious, not to be doubted, but regarded as a lofty cavalier. I take him in, I trust him, I treat him highly, I remember him as with my brother always in the milky days of childhood, although but the son of a well-intentioned peasant. And then I find what? That he has come for money,—for money, which has always been the bane of my only and well-born brother, for the very dismal reason that he cannot cling to it, and yet must have both hands filled with it for ever. Inez, do you attend to me?”

“Mother, I am doing so with all my ears, and with all my heart as

well I heed. But these things surprise me much, because I have always heard from you that my Uncle Rodrigo was so noble, so chivalrous, so far above all Englishmen by reason of the grandeur of his spirit.”

“And in that style will he comport himself upon most of life’s occasions wherein money does not act as an impediment. Of that character is he always, while having more than he can spend of it. But let him see the necessity and the compulsion to deny himself too near to him approaching, and he will not possess that loftiness of spirit and benevolence universal. Departing from his larger condition of mind, he will do things which honour does not authorise; things unworthy of the mighty Barcas from whom he is descended. But the Barcas have often been strong and wicked, which is much better than weak and base.”

Her ladyship paused, as in contemplation of the sterling nobility of her race, and apparently derived some comfort from the strong wickedness of the Barcas.

“Mother, I hope that it is not so.” Nicie’s view of excellence was milder. “You are strong, but never wicked. I am not strong; but on the other hand, I trust that I am not weak and base.”

“You never can tell what you can do. You may be most wicked of the wicked yet. Those English girls, that are always good, are braised vegetables without pepper. The only one I ever saw to approve was the one who was so rude to me. How great her indignation was! She is worthy to be of Andalusia.”

“But why should so wicked a thing be done, so horrible even from a stranger?” The flashing of Nicie’s dark eyes was not unworthy of Andalusia. “How could the meanest greed of money be gratified by such a deed?”

“In this manner, if I understand aright. During the time of the French invasion, just before our mar-

riage, the Junta of our city had to bear a great part of the burden of supporting and paying our brave troops. They fell into great distress for money, which became scarcer and scarcer, from the terrible war and the plundering. All lovers of their country came with both hands full of treasure; and among them my father contributed a loan of noble magnitude, which has impaired for years to come the fortunes of our family; for not a *peseta* will ever be repaid, inasmuch as there was no security. When all they could thus obtain was spent, and the richest men would advance no more without prospect of regaining it, the Junta (of which my father was a member) contrived that the city should combine with them in pledging its revenues, which were large, to raise another series of loans. And to obtain these with more speed, they appealed to the spirit of gambling, which is in the hearts of all men but in different forms and manners. One loan that was promulgated thus amounted to one hundred thousand dollars, contributed in twenty shares of five thousand dollars each; and every share was to have a life of not less than fifteen years in age appointed to represent it. No money was to be repaid, but the interest to accumulate until nineteen out of those twenty lives became extinct, and thereupon the whole was to go to the last survivor, and by that time it would be a very large sum. I believe that the scheme came from the French, who are wonderfully clever in such calculations, whereas finance is not of us. Do you seem to yourself to understand it?"

"Not very much, but to some extent. I have read of a wheel of life; and this appears to me to be a kind of wheel of death."

"So it is, my child. You can scarcely be so stupid as you have been described to me. I am not too strong of the arithmetic science, though in other ways not wanting. You will see that there was a royal treasure

thus, increasing for the one who should deserve it by having more of life than the nineteen others, and acquiring it thus for the time he had to come. That kind of lottery, coming from Paris, was adopted by other governments under the title of *Tontine*, I think. My dear father, who was a warm patriot but unable to contribute more without hope of return, accepted two of those five thousand dollar shares, and put into one the name of my brother, and into the other that of my dear husband then about to be, because those two were young, while himself was growing old. Your father has spoken to me of his share several times, as it became of greater value; and he provided for it in his will, supposing that he should ever become the possessor, although he approved not of any kind of gambling. If you can represent to yourself that scheme, you will see that each share was enlarged in prospect as the others failed of theirs by death, and of the twenty lives appointed the greater part vanished rapidly; many by war, and some by duels, and others by accident and disease; until it appears (though we knew it not) that your father and your Uncle Rodrigo were the sole survivors. Your father and I kept no watch upon it, being at such a distance; but now I have leaped that your uncle has been exceedingly acute and vigilant, having no regard for your dear father and small affection, I fear, for me, but a most passionate devotion to the huge treasure now accumulated upon heavy interest, and secured by the tolls of the city. I am grieved by discovering from this man Quevedo that your uncle has been watching very keenly everything that has happened here; he has employed an agent, whose name I could not by any means extort from Quevedo, and not contented with his reports, but excited by the tidings of your father's ill-health, he has even been present in these parts himself to reconnoitre for himself; for he is



capable of speaking English even better than I do. Quevedo is very cautious; but by plying him with Spanish wine such as he cannot procure in Spain, feigning also to be on his side, I extorted from him more than he wished to part with. No suspicion had I, while he was here, that his master was guilty of the black disgrace thus inflicted upon us; or can you imagine that I would allow that man to remain in the house of the outraged one? And Quevedo himself either feigns, or possesses, total ignorance of this vile deed."

"But, mother dear, how did this suspicion grow upon you? And for what purpose, if I may inquire, was that man Quevedo sent to you?"

"He was sent with two objects. To obtain my signature to an attested declaration as to the date of your father's death; and in the second place to borrow money for the support of your uncle's claim. It could not be expected that the city would discharge so vast a sum (more than five hundred thousand crowns they say) without interposing every possible obstacle and delay; and our family, through your uncle's conduct, has lost all the influence it possessed when I was young. I am pleased to think now that he must be disappointed with the very small sum which I advanced, in my deep disgust at discovering that, at the very time when I was sighing and languishing for his support, he was at my very doors, but through his own selfish malignity avoided his twin-sister. Quevedo meant not to have told me that; but alas! I extorted it from him, after a slip of his faithful tongue. For you know, I believe, that your father and uncle were never very friendly. My brother liked not that I should wed an Englishman; all men of this nation he regarded with contempt, boasting as they did in our country where we permitted them to come and fight. But you have never been told, my child, that the scar upon your

dear father's face was inflicted by your uncle's sword, employed (as I am ashamed to confess) in an unfair combat. Upon recovering from the stealthy blow your father in his great strength could have crushed him to death, for he was then a stripling; but for my sake he forbore. It has been concealed from you; there is no concealment now."

"Oh, mother, how savage and ignominious also! I wonder that you ever could desire to behold such a man again; and that you could find it in your heart to receive his envoy kindly."

"Many years have passed since then, my child; and we have a saying, 'To a fellow-countryman forgive much, and to a brother everything.' Your father had forgiven him before the wound was healed. Much more slowly did I forgive. And, but for this matter, never would I have spoken."

"Oh, mother dear, you have had much sorrow! I have never considered it as I should have done. A child is like an egg, as you say in Spain, that demands all the warmth for itself and yields none. Yet am I surprised that, knowing so much of him, you still desired his presence, and listened to the deceits of his messenger. But you have wisdom, and I have none. Tell me then what he had to gain, by an outrage hateful to a human being, and impossible to a Christian."

"It is not clear, my child, to put it to your comprehension. The things that are of great power with us are not in this country so copious. We are loftier. We are more friendly with the Great Powers that reside above. In every great enterprise we feel what would be their own sentiments, though not to be explained by heretical logic. Your uncle has never been devoted to the Church, and has profited little by her teaching; but he is not estranged from her so much that he need in honour hesitate to have use and advantage from her charitable breast. For she loves every

one, even those who mock her, with feeble imitation of her calls."

"Mother, but hitherto you have cared little or nothing for Holy Church. You have allowed me to wander from her, and my mind is the stronger for the exercise. Why then this new zeal and devotion?"

"Inez, the reason is very simple, although you may not understand it yet. We love the institutions that make much of us even when we are dead, and comfort our bodies with ceremonies and the weepers with reasons for smiling. This heretic corporation, to which Mr. Penniloe belongs, has many good things imitated from us, but does not understand itself. Therefore it is not a power in the land, to govern the law or to guide great actions of property and of behaviour, as the Holy Catholic Church can do, in the lands where she has not been deposed. Knowing how such things are with us, your uncle (as I am impelled to believe), having plenty of time for preparation, had arranged to make one master-stroke towards this great object of his life; at once to bring all the ecclesiastics to his side with fervour, and before the multitude to prove his claim in a manner the most dramatic. Behold it thus, as upon a stage! The whole city is agitated with the news and the immensity of his claim. The young men say that it is just to pay it, if it can be proved, for the honour of the city. But the old men shake their heads, and ask where is the money to come from; what new tolls can be imposed; and who can believe a thing, that must be proved by the oaths of foreign heretics? Lo! there appears the commanding figure of the Count de Varcas before the great cathedral doors; behind him a train of sailors bear the body of the great British warrior, well-known among the elder citizens by his lofty stature and many wounds, renowned among the younger as a mighty hero. The bishop, archbishop, and all powers of the Church (being dealt with privately

beforehand) are moved to tears by this act of grace, this manifest conversion of a noble Briton claiming the sacred rites of *Campo Santo*, and not likely to enjoy them without much munificence, when that most righteous claim upon the seculars is paid. Dares any one to doubt identity? Behold, upon the finger of the departed one is the very ring with which the city's benefactor sealed his portion of the covenant; and which he presented to his son-in-law, as a holy relic of his ancient family, upon betrothal to his daughter! Thereupon arises the universal cry,—'Redeem the honour of the city.' A few formalities still remain; one of which is satisfied by the arrival of Quevedo with my deposition. The noble count, the descendant of the Barcas, rides in a chariot extolled by all, and scatters a few *pesetas* of his half a million dollars. It was gained by lottery, it goes by gambling; in six months he is penniless again. He has robbed his brother's grave in vain. For another hundred dollars he would rob his twin-sister's."

"Oh, mother, it is horrible! Too horrible to be true. And yet how it clears up everything! And even so, how much better it is than what we supposed and shuddered at! But have you any evidence beyond suspicion? If it is not unbecoming, I would venture to remind you that you have already in your mind condemned another whose innocence is now established."

"Nay, not established, except to minds that are, like mine, full of charity. It is not impossible that he may have joined my brother (oh that I should call him so!) in this abominable enterprise. I say it not to vex you in your lofty faith; but it would have made that enterprise far easier to arrange. And if a noble Spaniard can stoop thus, why should not a common Englishman?"

"Because he is a gentleman," cried Nicie, rising with a flash of indignation, "which a nobleman sometimes is

not. And since you have spoken thus, I doubt the truth of your other accusation. But that can very soon be put to the test by making inquiry on the spot. If what you suppose has happened at all, it must be of public knowledge there. Have you sent any one to inquire about it?"

"Not yet; I have not long seen things clearly. Only since that Quevedo left, it has come upon me by reasoning. Neither do I know of any trusty person. It must be one faithful to the family, and careful of its reputation; for the disgrace shall never be known in this cold England. Remember therefore, I say, that you speak no word, not even to Mr. Penniloe or Dr. Fox, of this conclusion forced upon me. If in justice to others we are compelled to avow that the deed was of the family, we must declare that it was of piety and high religious feeling, and strictly conceal that it was of sordid lucre."

"But, mother, they may in the course of their own inquiries discover how it was at last. The last things ascertained tend that way. And if they should find any trace of ship——"

"I have given orders to drop all further searches. And you must use your influence with,—with all you have any sway upon, that nothing more shall be done at present. Of course you will not supply the reason, but say that it has been so arranged. Now go, my child; I have talked too long. My strength is not as it was, and I dwell most heavily on the better days. But one thing I would enjoin upon you. Until I speak again of that which I have seen in my own mind, to its distress and misery, ask me no more about it, neither in any way refer to it. The Lord,—who is not of this Church, or that, but looks down upon us from the Crucifix,—He can pity and protect us. But you will be glad that I have told you this because it will devour me the less."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## PLEADINGS.

"AND it will devour me the more. My mother cannot love me," the poor girl was obliged to think, as she sat in her lonely room again. "She has laid this heavy burden on me, and I am to share it with no one. Does she suppose that I feel nothing, and am wholly absorbed in love-proceedings, forgetting all duty to my father? Sometimes I doubt almost whether Jemmy Fox is worthy of my affection. I am not very precious; I know that,—the lesson is often impressed upon me—but I know that I am simple, and loving, and true; and he takes me too much for granted. If he were noble, and could love with all his heart, would he be so hard upon his sister for liking a man who is her equal in everything but money? The next time I see him I will try him about that. If a man is noble, as I understand the word, he will be noble for others as well as for himself. Uncle Penniloe is the only real nobleman I know; because to him others are equal to himself."

This was only a passing mood, and not practical enough to be permanent. However it was the prevailing one, when in came Jemmy Fox himself. That young doctor plumed himself upon his deep knowledge of the fairer sex; and yet like the rest of mankind who do so, he showed little of that knowledge in his dealings with them.

In the midst of so many doubts and fears, and with a miserable sense of loneliness, Miss Waldron was in "a high-strung condition" (as ladies themselves describe it), though as gentle and affectionate as ever. She was gazing at little pet Pixie, and wondering in her self-abasement whether there is any human love so deep, devoted, and everlasting (while his little life endures) as that of an ordinary dog. Pixie, the pug-dog, sitting at her feet was absorbed in wistful watching, too sure that his

mistress was plunged in trouble beyond the reach of his poor mind, but not perhaps beyond the humble solace of such a yearning heart. In this interchange of tender feelings, a still more tender vein was touched. "Squeak!" went Pixie, with a jump, and then a long eloquence of yelp and howl proved that he partook too deeply of the woe he had prayed to share. A heavy riding-boot had crushed his short but sympathetic tail,—the tail he was so fond of chasing as a joyful vision, but now too mournfully and materially his own!

Dr. Fox, with a cheerful smile as if he had done something meritorious, gazed into Nicie's sparkling eyes. Perhaps he expected a lovely kiss, after his long absence.

"Why, you don't seem to care a bit for what you have done!" cried the young girl, almost repelling him. "Allow me to go to my wounded little dear. Oh you poor little persecuted pet, what did they do to you? Was his lovely tail broken? Oh the precious little martyr, that he should have come to this! Did a monstrous elephant come and crush his darling life out? Give his Missy a pretty kiss, with the great tears rolling on his cheek."

"Well, I wish you'd make half as much fuss about me," said Fox, with all the self-command that could well be expected. "You haven't even asked me how I am!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon then," she answered, looking up at him, with the little dog's nose cuddled into her neck, and his short sobs puffing up the golden undergrowth of her darkly-clustering hair. "Yes, to be sure, I should have asked that; it was very forgetful of me. But his poor tail seems to be a little easier now; and the vigour of your step shows how well you have come back to us."

"Well more than welcome, I am afraid. I can always make allowance for the humours of young ladies, and I know how good and sweet you are;

but I think you might have been glad to see me."

"Not when you tread upon my dear dog's tail, and laugh in my face afterwards, instead of being very sorry. I should have begged pardon if I had been so clumsy as to tread upon a dog of yours."

"Dogs are all very well in their way, but they have no right to get into our way. This poor little puggie's tail is all right now. Shake hands, Puggie. Why, look! He has forgiven me."

"That shows how wonderfully kind he is, and how little he deserves to be trodden on. But I will not say another word about that; only you might have been sorrier. Their consciences are so much better than ours. He is licking your hand, as if he had done the wrong. Your sister agreed with me about their nobility. How is darling Christie?"

"Everybody is a darling, except me to-day! Christie is well enough. She always is, except when she goes a cropper out of a trap, and knocks young men's waistcoat-buttons off."

"How coarsely you put it, when you ought to be most thankful to the gentleman who rescued her, when you left her at the mercy of a half-wild horse!"

"I don't know what to make of you to-day, Miss Waldron. Have I done anything to offend you? You are too just and sensible, and—gentle, I should like to say—not to know that you have put an entirely wrong construction upon that little accident with Farrant's old screw. It was Christie's own fault, every bit of it. She thought herself a grand whip, and she came to grief, as girls generally do when they are bumptious."

"You seem to have a great contempt for girls, Dr. Fox. What have the poor things done to offend you so?"

"Somebody must have been speaking against me. I'd give a trifle to know who it is. I have always been accustomed to reasonable treatment."

"There now, his dear little tail is better! Little Pixie loves me so; little Pixie never tells somebody that she is an unreasonable creature; little Pixie is too polite for that."

"Well, I think I had better be off for the day. I have heard of people getting out of bed the wrong side; and you can't make it right all the day when that has happened. Miss Waldron, I must not go away without saying that my sister sends you her very best love. I was to be sure to remember that."

"Oh thank you, Dr. Fox! Your sister is always so very sweet and considerate. And I hope she has also been allowed to send it where it is due a thousand times as much as here."

"Where can that be? At the rectory, I suppose. Yes, she has not forgotten Mr. Penniloe. She is not at all fickle in her likings."

"Now that is a very fine quality indeed, as well as a very rare one. And another she has, and will not be driven from it; and I own that I quite agree with her. She does not look down upon other people, and think that they belong to another world because they are not so well off in this one as she is. A gentleman is a gentleman in her judgment, and is not to be cast by, after many kind acts, merely because he is not made of money."

"Ah now I see what all this comes to!" exclaimed Fox, smiling pleasantly. "Well, I am quite open to a little reasoning there, because the whole thing is so ridiculous. Now put it to yourself; how would you like to be a sort of son-in-law to good Mother Gilham's green coal-scuttle? A coal-scuttle should make one grateful, you will say. Hear, hear! not at all a bad pun that, though quite involuntary."

"The bonnet may be behind the age, or in front of it, I know not which," said Nicie, very resolute to show no smile; "but a better and sweeter old face never looked——"

"A better horse never looked out of a bridle. It is bridle, and blinkers, and saddle, all in one."

"It is quite useless trying to make me laugh." Her voice however belied her; and Pixie watching her face began to wag the wounded tail again. "Your sister, who knows what bonnets are, to which you can have no pretension, is well acquainted with the sterling value——"

"Oh come, I am sure it would not fetch much now, though it may have cost two guineas, or more, in the days before 'my son Frank' was born."

"Really, Jemmy, you are too bad when I want to talk seriously."

"So long as I am 'Jemmy' once more, I don't care how bad I am."

"That was a slip. But you must listen to me; I will not be laughed off from saying what I think. Do you suppose that it is a joking matter for poor Frank Gilham?"

"I don't care a copper for his state of mind, if Chris is not fool enough to share it. The stupid fellow came to me this morning, and instead of trying to smooth me down, what does he do but blow me up sky-high! You should have heard him. He never swore at all, but gave utterance to the noblest sentiments—just because they were in his favour."

"Then I admire him for it. It was very manly of him. Why were all large ideas in his favour? Just because the small ones are on your side. I suppose you pretend to care for me?"

"No pretence about it; all too true. And this is what I get done to me!"

"But how would you like my brother to come, and say—'I disapprove of Dr. Fox. I forbid you to say another word to him'? Would you recognise his fraternal right in the matter and go away quietly?"

"Hardly that. I should leave it to you; and if you held by me, I should snap my fingers at him."

"Of course you would. And so

would anybody else, Frank Gilham among the number. And your sister,—is she to have no voice, because you are a roaring lion? Surely her parents, and not her brother, should bar the way, if it must be barred. Just think of yourself, and ask yourself how your own law would fit you."

"The cases are very different, and you know it as well as I do. Frank Gilham is quite a poor man; and, although he is not a bad kind of fellow, his position in the world is not the same as ours."

"That may be so. But if Christie loves him, and is quite content with his position in the world, and puts up with the coal-scuttle (as you call it), and he is a good man and true, and a gentleman, are they both to be miserable to please you? And more than that,—you don't know Christie. If Frank Gilham shows proper courage, and is not afraid of mean imputations, no one will ask your leave, I think."

"Well, I shall have done my best; and if I cannot stop it, let them rue the day. Her father and mother would never allow it; and as I am responsible for the whole affair and cannot consult them, as things are now, I am bound to act in their place, I think. But never mind that; one may argue for ever, and a girl in a moment can turn the tables on the cleverest man alive. Let us come back to our own affairs. I have some news which ought to please you. By rare good luck I have hit upon the very two men who were employed upon that awful business. I shall have them soon, and then we shall know all about this most mysterious case. By George, it shall go hard indeed with the miscreant who plotted it!"

"Oh don't—oh don't! What good can it be?" cried Nicie, trembling and stammering. "It will kill my mother; I am sure it will. I implore you not to go on with it."

"What!" exclaimed Fox with amazement. "You to ask me, you his only daughter, to let it be so,—to hush up the matter,—to submit to

this atrocious wrong! And your father—it is the last thing I ever should have thought to hear!"

In shame and terror she could not speak, but quailed before his indignant gaze and turned away from him with a deep low sob.

"My darling, my innocent dear!" he cried in alarm at her bitter anguish. "Give me your hand; let me look at your face. I know that no power on earth would make you do a thing that you saw to be shameful. I beg your pardon humbly if I spoke too harshly. You know that I would not vex you, Inez, and beyond any doubt you can explain this strange,—this inconceivable thing. You are sure to have some good reason for it."

"Yes, you would say so if you knew all. But not now,—I dare not; it is too dreadful. It is not for myself. If I had my own way—but what use? I dare not even tell you that. For the present, at least for the present, do nothing. If you care about me at all, I beg you not to do what would never be forgiven. And my mother is in such a miserable state, so delicate, so frail and helpless! Do for my sake, do show this once, that you have some affection for me!"

Nicie put her soft hand on his shoulder and pleaded her cause with no more words, but a gaze of such tenderness and sweet faith, that he could not resist it. Especially as he saw his way to reassure her, without departing from the plan he had resolved upon. "I will do anything, my pretty dove," he said with a noble surrender, "to relieve your precious and trustful heart. I will even do this, if it satisfies you; I will take no steps for another month, an entire month from this present time. I cannot promise more than that, now can I, for any bewitchment? And in return you must pledge yourself to give your mother not even a hint of what I have just told you: It would only make her anxious, which would be very bad for her health, poor thing; and she has not the faith in me that



you have. She must not even dream that I have heard of those two villains."

This was a bright afterthought of his; for if Lady Waldron should know of his discovery, she might contrive to inform them that he had his eye upon them.

"Oh, how good you are!" cried Nicie. "I can never thank you enough, dear Jemmy; and it must appear so cruel of me to ask you to forego so long the chance of shaming those low people who have dared to belie you so."

"What is a month compared to you?" Jemmy asked with real greatness. "But if you feel any obligation, you know how to reward me, dear."

Nicie looked at him with critical eyes; and then as if reckless of anything small, flung both arms round his neck and kissed him. "Oh it is so kind, so kind of him!" she declared to herself, to excuse herself; while he thought it was very kind of her. And she, being timid of her own affection, loved him all the more for not encroaching on it.

Jemmy rode away in a happy frame of mind. He loved that beautiful maiden, and he was assured of her love for him. He knew that she was far above him in the gifts of nature and the bloom that beautifies them, the bloom that is not of the cheeks alone, but of the gentle dew of kindness and the pearl of innocence. Fox felt a little ashamed of himself for a trifle of sharp practice; but his reason soon persuaded him that his conscience was too ticklish; and that is a thing to be stopped at once.

While jogging along in this condition on the road towards Pumpington, he fell in with another horseman less inclined to cheerfulness. This was Farmer Stephen Horner, a younger brother of Farmer John, a less substantial and therefore perhaps more captious agriculturist. He was riding a very clever cob, and looked both clever and smart himself, in his bottle-green cutaway coat, red waist-

coat, white cord breeches, and hard brown hat. Striking into the turnpike road from a grass-track skirting the Beacon Hill, he hailed the doctor, and rode beside him. "Heard the news, have 'e?" asked Farmer Steve, as his fat calves creaked against the saddle-flaps within a few inches of Jemmy's, and their horses kept step like a dealer's pair. "But there,—come to think of it, I be a fool for asking, and you always along of Passon so!"

"Only came home yesterday; haven't seen him yet," the doctor answered briskly. "Haven't heard anything particular. Nothing the matter with him, I hope?"

"Not him, sir, so much as what he've taken up. Hath made up his mind, so people say, to abolish our old Fair to Perlycross." Farmer Steve watched the doctor's face. He held his own opinion, but he liked to know the other's first; moreover he owed him a little bill.

"But surely he cannot do that," said Fox, who cared not a jot about the Fair, but thought of his own concern with it. "Why, it was granted by charter, I believe, hundreds of years ago; when Perlycross was a much larger place, and the main road to London passed through it, as the pack-saddle teams do still sometimes."

"So it were, sir, so it were. Many's the time when I were a boy, I have read of Magnier Charter, and the time as they starved the King in the island, afore the old yew-tree come on our old tower. But my brother John, he reckoneth as he knoweth everything; and he saith our market-place belongeth to the Dean and Chapter, and Fair was granted to Church, he saith, and so Church can abolish it. But I can't see no sense in that. Why, it be outside of Church railings altogether. Now you are a learned man, Doctor Fox. And if you'll give me your opinion, I can promise 'e, it sha'n't go no further."

"The plain truth is," replied

Jemmy, knowing well that if his opinion went against the parson it would be all over the parish by supper-time, "I have never gone into the subject, and I know nothing whatever about it. But we all know the Fair has come down to nothing now. There has not been a beast there for the last three years, and nothing but a score of pigs and one pen of sheep last year. It has come to be nothing but a pleasure-fair, with a little show of wrestling and some singletick play, followed by a big bout of drinking. Still I should have thought there would be at least a twelvemonth's notice and a public proclamation."

"So say I, sir; and the very same words I used to my brother John last night. John Horner is getting a'most too big, with his churchwarden, and his hundred pounds he had better a' kept for his family. Let 'un find out who have robbed his own churchyard, afore 'a singeth out again' a poor man's glass of ale. I don't hold with John in all things; though a' hath key pianner for 's dafters, and addeth field to field, same as rich man in the Bible laid up treasure for his soul this night. I tell you what, Doctor, and you may tell John Horner; I likes old things for being old, though there may be more bad than good in them. What harm if a few chaps do get drunk, and the quarrelsome folks has their heads cracked? They'd only go and do it somewhere else, if they was stopped on our place. Passon be a good man as ever lived, and wonderfull kind to the poor folk. But a' beginneth to have his way too much, and all along of my brother John. To tell you the truth, Doctor, I couldn't bear the job about that old tombstone, to memory of Squire Jan Toms, and a fine piece of poetry it were too. Leap-frogged it hundreds and hundreds of times when I were a boy, I have; and so has my father and grandfather afore me; and why not my sons, and my grandsons too, when perhaps my

own standeth 'longside of 'un? I won't believe a word of it, but what thic old ancient stone were smashed up a' purpose by order of Passon Penniloe. Tell 'e what, Doctor, thic there channnging of every mortal thing, just for the sake of channnging, baint' the right way for to fetch folks to church, 'cordin' at least to my mind. Why do us go to church? Why, because can't help it; 'long of wives and children, when they comes, and lookin' out for 'un, when the children was ourselves. Turn the bottom up, sir, and what be that but custom, same as one generation requireth from another? And to put new patches on it, and be proud of them, is the same thing as tinker did to wife's ham-boiler,—drawed the rivets out, and made 'un leak worse than ever. Not another shilling will they patchers get from me."

Farmer Steve sat down in his saddle, and his red waistcoat settled down upon the pommel. His sturdy cob also laid down his ears, and stubborn British sentiment was in every line of both of them.

"Well, I won't pretend to say about the other matters," said Fox, who as an Englishman could allow for obstinacy. "But, Farmer, I am sure that you are wrong about the tombstone. Parson did not like it, and no wonder; but he is not the man to do things crookedly. He would have moved it openly, or not at all. It was quite as much an accident, as if your horse put his foot upon a nut and cracked it."

"Well, sir, well, sir, we has our own opinions. Oh, you have paid the pike for me! Thank 'e, Doctor; I'll pay yours next time we come this way together."

The story of the tombstone was simply this. John Toms, a rollicking cavalier of ancient Devonshire lineage, had lived and died at Perlycross nearly two centuries ago. His grave was towards the great southern porch, and there stood his headstone large and bold, confronting the faith-

ful at a corner where two causeways met. Thus every worshipper who entered the House of Prayer by its main approach was invited to reflect upon the fine qualities of this gentleman as recorded in large letters. To a devout mind this might do no harm; but all Perlycross was not devout, and many a light thought was suggested, or perhaps an untimely smile produced, by this too sprightly memorial. "A spirited epitaph that, sir," was the frequent remark of visitors. "But scarcely conceived in a proper spirit," was the parson's general reply. The hideous western gallery, the parish revel called the Fair, and this unseemly tombstone, had been sore tribulations to the placid mind of Penniloe; and yet he durst not touch that stone, sacred not to memory only, but to vested rights and living vein of local sentiment. However, the fates were merciful.

"Very sad accident this morning sir; I do hope you will try to forgive us, Mr. Penniloe," said Robson Adney, the manager of the works, one fine October morning, and he said it with

a stealthy wink. "Seven of our chaps have let our biggest scaffold-pole, that red one with a butt as big as a milestone, roll off their clumsy shoulders, and it has smashed poor Squire Toms' old tombstone into a thousand pieces. Never read a word of it again, sir; such a sad loss to the churchyard! But quite an accident, sir, you know; purely a casual accident."

The curate looked at him, but he "smiled none," as another tombstone still expresses it; and if charity compelled Mr. Penniloe to believe him, gratitude enforced another view; for Adney well knew his dislike of that stone, and was always so eager to please him.

But that every one who so desires may judge for himself whether Farmer Steve was right or Parson Penniloe, here are the well-remembered lines that formed the preface to divine worship in the parish of Perlycross.

"Halloa! who lieth here?"

"I, old Squire Jan Toma."

"What dost lack?" "A tun of beer,  
For a tipples with them fantoms."

(To be continued.)

## THE GROWTH OF NATIONAL SENTIMENT.

It was said by Goethe that humanity advances, but that it does so in spiral lines. That is most true; for the evil frequently accompanies the good, and retrogression sometimes occurs where we look for improvement. The human race is like a mountain climber, who indeed advances slowly but with many back-slidings down the steep ascent of progress. The causes which operate in society often produce the most opposite effects to what might have been expected, and political prophecies are but rarely fulfilled. Any one, for instance, who fifty years ago could have foreseen the enormous development which was about to be given to the means of communication between the different nations of the world, might have predicted with some confidence that considerable breaches would by this time have been made in the barriers which sever nation from nation. It might have been antecedently supposed that as the different peoples saw more of one another, and came to know one another better, much of the old international jealousy would have gradually disappeared. With the increase of knowledge a corresponding advance in cosmopolitan spirit and latitude of sympathy might have reasonably been expected. Such a forecast would have been completely falsified by events. The close of the nineteenth century is in fact being marked by a singular outbreak of international animosities.

It is a matter of no small interest to watch the growth of nationalities, and to track the present into the dark recesses of the past. The States of modern Europe are the ultimate result of a long process of evolution. Nations appear for centuries to have been very ill defined; they were in a continual state of flux, and it was long before they crystallised down to anything like

their present shape. Europe was for many years nothing more than a congeries of races, which spoke unsettled languages, and inhabited territories with boundaries that shifted like the sand. These races readily transferred their allegiance to any conqueror who happened to prevail. It was the rule of the strongest, and might was pre-eminently right. Territories were continually being seized, divided, partitioned and apportioned, with the populations on them, like the cattle or the crops. And just as at the present time the modern nations claim spheres of influence in Africa, so in much the same way a Charlemagne or a Charles the Fifth may be said to have claimed spheres of interest in Europe. The Austrian House of Hapsburg, for example, extended the area of its sway over many races from the Atlantic to the Vistula, and from the Mediterranean to the Northern Sea. But it retained its jurisdiction only by the exercise of force, for there was no cementing tie of a common nationality. Boundaries were continually changing; some States grew and others diminished; or sometimes a Napoleon would arise and would recast the map of Europe with the stamp of his foot or the stroke of his pen. All was change and ebb and flow, nothing enduring but nature's everlasting landmarks. Such was Europe while the nations and the States were in the process of making.

These conditions are perfectly reflected in the morals of the time. Men are much what their surroundings make them, and when national feeling but faintly exercised its powers, it was natural enough that the patriotic virtues should have occupied a very low place in the code of ethics. The early Christians for a long time ac-

usually despised patriotism; they not only saw and felt that on this earth they had no abiding city, but they claimed to owe their allegiance to a higher power. This was a notion that prevailed until the growth of national sentiment became strong enough to make a Christian a patriot as well. Macchiavelli, who had a lively appreciation of the pagan virtues, was one of the first writers of renown to exalt patriotism to a high place among the virtues. In his eyes all was fair in war, if not in love; and he openly declared his admiration for those who loved their country better than the safety of their souls. Patriotism was, in short, an old-world virtue which at the time of the Renaissance was dragged out of its recess and refurbished for the use of the modern world. Eclipsed for a season, it has shone as bright again as ever it did in Greece or Rome. Many a citizen has since been cast in the mould of Aristides or of Regulus. But it is curious to observe that when national sentiment was weak, there was in some respects a greater sense of the brotherhood of man than there is to-day. Amidst all its wars and turmoil Europe made a nearer approach to solidarity and union. Christianity was a great welding force. The dreams of a universal Church were in some slight degree realised, and the Holy Roman Empire was a stupendous fact which formed a cementing bond between many disorganised races. No one now would seriously contemplate, like Sully, the possibility of a great Christian Republic. If there was little or no love of country, there was at least a unity of faith which crossed rivers and mountains and rose superior to racial and linguistic differences. But all this was a frail idea which schism was destined to destroy, and that which should have healed and cemented, served only to sever and inflame. Religion brought not peace but a sword, and differences of creed added to the elements of discord which arose from the natural differences of race. The Reformation,

if it purified religion, brought with it strife among men.

Nor was it only in religion, but in thought and literature that a common bond of sympathy was found. It is perhaps not too much to say that there was among the educated classes of Europe a larger sphere of mutual knowledge and reciprocal regard than there is to-day. The literature of one nation had a far-reaching influence upon that of others. France, Italy and England in particular were in this respect closely intertwined. They were swept simultaneously by the same currents of thought. The debt of Shakespeare and Milton to Italian literature was immeasurably great. To take a single instance from France, that of Montaigne; his influence in England has rarely been excelled by any foreign writer. In his English dress by Florio, who taught Italian to Anne of Denmark, he appealed strongly to the English train of thought. So much was this the case, that Montaigne was by some believed to be an Englishman. The literature of Europe was simultaneously subjected to the same intellectual forces. In London, Paris, and Rome the educated were reading, talking, and thinking much the same thing. It was a great symposium of letters. This is, to a great extent, to be ascribed to the fact that a knowledge of Latin was a common property of the learned. It was the universal language; a sort of literary *volapuk*, if the comparison may be allowed. Every author who wished to be a power took care to have his works translated into Latin. A crucial instance will suffice. Bacon requested his friend Dr. Playfair to undertake the task of translating *The Advancement of Learning* into Latin; to use his own words, "the privateness of the language considered wherein it is written extending to my readers"; and he counts it "a second birth of that work if it might be translated without manifest loss of the sense and matter." And again in sending a

copy of the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* to the Prince of Wales he emphatically expresses his belief that "it is a book which will live and be a citizen of the world as English books are not." A more striking illustration of the diffusion of Latin it would be difficult to find. In Bacon's time it was, in a very real sense, a living language. In it men of learning corresponded, and it was thus that Bacon discussed with Casaubon, who was then in Paris, the problems of philosophy. A book in Latin was an open book to all the world.

Religion and literature combined to give Europe a sense of solidarity which it has never since possessed. But religious unity waned, nationalities developed, patriotism became a power, and the growth of modern languages dethroned Latin from its place. Here were the seeds of disunion fully sown. The process has been immensely accelerated during the present century. Never has nationalist feeling been so strong. Nations have in several cases been advanced into States, for between the two a clear distinction may be drawn. The existence of the nation always precedes the creation of the State. The formation of the nation is always the longer process of the two; it is the work of ages, but a single war may transform a nation into a State. Nations are not made, but grow; the pen of the diplomatist may create the State. It took prodigious forces to weld the Bretons, the Franks, and other different races into the nation which is known as France. Italy was ethnologically a nation long before 1860; it was never a State; it was only what Metternich called it with his airy language of cynical contempt, "a geographical expression." The sting of the saying lay in its truth; it was brutally candid. On the other hand, by the Treaty of Berlin Bulgaria was made a State. The essential marks of nationality have long been questioned. Neither unity of language, of blood, of history and

tradition, nor occupation of territory, when taken separately, or sometimes when taken together, are enough to constitute a nation. The Bretons and the Basques have a territory and a dialect of their own, but they are refused the title. On the other hand, France which contains them is a nation, though she is made up of very dissimilar races, with very dissimilar speech. But if it is sometimes difficult to say whether a people forms a nation, it is easy to say when a nation forms a State. When a nation maintains an independent self-government, then it is raised to the position of a State; it is clothed with a higher *status*. Burke put it well when he said that "the State is the nation in its collective and corporate character." The State is in fact a political corporation, a sort of *persona ficta* of international law. It is the nation considered in its external relations; or in other words the nation is an ethnological conception, and the State a political one. And no nation can properly hope or claim to be a State unless it is able to stand by itself in the rough and tumble of international strife. Rome indeed, under Pius the Ninth, backed up as she was by the bayonets of the French, contrived to pose for a time as a State. But it was a sorry spectacle; Mr. Gladstone called her the great political mendicant of the world.

When the nineteenth century dawned the nations were already formed; its history has been that of the greatest process of State-making that the world has ever seen. It was in this direction that the forces of nationalism, which ever waxes more and more, impelled themselves with irresistible strength. The erection of natural and ethnological boundaries in exchange for purely artificial ones has been one of the grand results of the present century of European history. Nationalism has been one of its dominant ideas. It has been omnipresent, and has had a profound and subtle influence. It is a significant fact that the English language was



without the word *international* until it occurred to the genius of Bentham to invent it. Everywhere have the nations demanded or extorted recognition, and some of the most important wars of the century have been waged on national grounds, and have had results which have mightily affected the destinies of nations. All the efforts and creations of warriors and statesmen, which have ignored or defied the spirit of the age, have eventually failed. It was like trying to dam in the tide. Napoleon, who, like Attila, may be called "a scourge of God," treated nations like cattle or sheep; but at the end the bitter exclamation escaped him, "I have sinned against the ideas of the century; I have lost all." There was more truth in the remark than he probably supposed. The work too of the Congress of Vienna in 1815, with its cynical indifference to nationalist hopes and aspirations, was doomed to failure from the first. There is a story of Talleyrand that at a meeting of diplomats he once asked, "Who is being deceived here?" At the Congress of Vienna he might have said that every one deceived himself. For based on false principles, its work could only be supported by bayonets for a time, and in less than half a century not a shred of it remained. It too had sinned against the ideas of the century.

All this is clearly seen in the changes which have occurred in the political geography of Europe since the beginning of the century. Let any one compare the map of Europe as it is to-day with what it was before 1830 for instance. Immense changes will be seen at a glance. Frontiers have been entirely rearranged; some States have been greatly cut down; others have been greatly increased, and some have been actually created. It will be found on examination that all these changes have been due to the profound and irresistible influence of the spirit of nationalism. It has operated in two directly opposite directions, though the end attained has

been the same. It has bound some States together and has split up others. The two great achievements in the way of union have been those of the German Empire and the Kingdom of Italy. In the first a Federal Union has taken the place of a number of small and disconnected States; in the latter a still greater wonder has been worked, and absolute unity has succeeded to a number of petty kingdoms and duchies dominated over by a foreign power which governed by a practical application of the maxim "divide and rule." In these cases the spirit of nationalism has knitted together those whom language, consanguinity, and historical tradition had made brothers and sisters. In other cases the same spirit has been not a cementing but a sundering principle. This has been the case chiefly in south-eastern Europe where from the ruins of the Turkish Empire have arisen the separate Principalities of Greece, Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria. The Turks had brought beneath their sway a number of separate nationalities, which after centuries of oppression have entered again on a new and vigorous life. Belgium too has been severed from Holland with which she had little in common, and Holstein from Denmark to be merged in the German Empire; perhaps Poland alone, of all those peoples which can fairly claim to be called a nation, has failed to win for herself a separate existence. Even where there has been no geographical change, signs of the same tendency may be seen. In that congeries of races which forms the Austrian Empire much has been conceded to the national feelings of the different sections. Nowhere has the principle of home-rule been so fully admitted. The Emperor-King is crowned at Buda-Pesth as well as at Vienna. Something similar may be said of Norway and Sweden, and quite lately the latter country, or rather a section of its people, have gone to extreme lengths in its demands for separate

recognition, and has sought to be represented by its own consuls abroad. It may be added that Savoy, which has been merged in France, was more French than Italian, and that even Alsace and Lorraine have only reverted to their old allegiance. With the home-rule movements in Ireland and Scotland we are only too familiar.

This development of States is a fact in which every liberal-minded man will rejoice. It must always be well for a nation to work out her own destiny in accordance with her own ideas, provided only that she has the requisite ability to maintain a separate and honourable existence. Her citizens are ennobled and the world is enriched by the free application of the nation's talents and genius to the work that suits her best. The universal stock of original products and ideas is augmented by every addition to the family of States; and so the rule of the foreigner, where it is not required and is not acquiesced in, must always be deplored. The power of self-government is the test and touchstone of national character, and that so many nations should have successfully undergone the trial is a fact which should fill us with hope for the future. It marks advancement, and is the promise of progress in the race. But in this world there appears to be no unmixed good.

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud.

The growth of nationalism seems to have correspondingly weakened the sentiment of human catholicity and the brotherhood of man. It was a fine saying of Mazzini that nations are the citizens of humanity, just as individuals are the citizens of the nation; but this is rather an ideal than an expression of the truth. Racial differences have in fact been exaggerated, and the patriots of humanity are rarer than ever. The sentiment of nationalism has lately shown signs of running to excess, and seems to have taken the form of an

exuberant patriotism, which everywhere regards the foreigner with more or less suspicion and dislike. This is the more remarkable because it is in some sort a reversion to the ruder habits of an earlier age when a stranger was always an object of dislike, as an actual or a possible enemy. All sorts of obstacles were placed in the way of an alien who dared to domicile himself abroad. In England, for instance, he was not allowed to hold land; in France difficulties were placed in the way of his receiving and transmitting property by the so-called *droit d'aubaine*. Such cries as Wales for the Welsh and Ireland for the Irish are continually heard, as though the presence of the foreigner were a positive evil, and as though he only came to make what he could out of the country, and to return home to enjoy his ill-gotten gains.

There must be some deep-seated cause for the recent growth of this spirit, for the symptoms are too widely spread to be merely regarded as the passing whim or caprice of this nation or of that. The Russians expel the Jews, and many of the Germans and the Austrians would expel them if they could. The Swiss have lately very gravely infringed the liberty of the subject by forbidding the practice of the Jewish *shechita*.<sup>1</sup> Even the French have their Anti-Semites, in spite of their noisy declamations on the rights of man. The Germans dislike their Polish population and by harsh measures try to drive them into Russia. The Czechs of Bohemia show an undisguised hostility to their Austrian fellow-subjects. Russia has no toleration for any differences of race or religion within her boundaries. The policy of Russification has been carried to an extreme length; it has acted like a great steam-roller in crushing everything beneath it to one dead level. It was last year made a penal offence for any one in Poland to speak

<sup>1</sup> See an article on *The Appeal to the People* in this magazine, November, 1893.

Polish in any place of public resort. Finland has been made a Russian Grand Duchy and every mark which distinguished her from Russia is being rapidly obliterated. But the determined attempt to make Bulgaria Russian has, thanks to the efforts of her past and present rulers, been averted. In Bulgaria herself the language of the country is compulsorily taught in the schools of the Greek section of the people. Russia and Germany are engaged in a deadly war of tariffs. France is hardly second to Russia in her hatred of the foreigner; and in view of the intimate connection which exists between that country and our own, it will be a matter of more than theoretical interest to consider the question for a moment. To numbers of Englishmen it is a matter of much practical importance. The rabid declamations of the French Press over Egypt and Siam may be dismissed in silence. But in other and more serious ways French patriotic feeling has reached an excess which would be merely ridiculous if it was not positively harmful. No Frenchman can be too exclusively French in his feeling, or too intensely patriotic. It has been cleverly remarked that whereas an Englishman looks upon his country as belonging to himself, a Frenchman looks upon himself as belonging to his country. There is a certain substratum of truth in Defoe's satire:

A true-born Englishman's a contradiction,  
In speech an irony, in fact a fiction,  
A metaphor invented to express  
A man akin to all the universe.

For the English are good colonists and can easily acclimatise themselves abroad. The Frenchman's ardent love of his country is an honourable distinction, but it does not justify a patriotic madness. The late M. Waddington, for example, was assailed as being too English for a French ambassador, and hardly credible though it is, he actually lost his seat in the Senate on this very ground. Lord Dufferin

has been outrageously abused by the lowest specimens of the Parisian Press, and an attempt has been recently made to ruin M. Clémenceau by charging him with being in the pay of the British Foreign Office. It is a notable fact that the bulk of French investors will only put their money into French securities, and will only embark it in foreign enterprise when the direction is French, as at Suez and Panama. Russian Government stock has however, for obvious reasons, recently become an exception. But the strongest instance of the international animosity of the French is displayed in their attitude towards foreign workmen, and indeed to any foreigner engaged in any business in France. The deadly conflict between the French and Italian workmen near Marseilles, and the acquittal of the accused by a French jury, will be fresh in everybody's memory. It was a curious comment on the vaunted solidarity of labour, which Socialists declare to prevail throughout the world. But this interference with the foreigner is a matter of grave practical importance to ourselves, for although the British residents in France are not as numerous as those of several other nations, yet they are calculated to be about thirty-six thousand in number. Special laws have recently been made which would seem to have for their object the embarrassment of the foreigner. So long ago as 1888 all foreign residents were compelled to register themselves, and now by a decree of last August all foreigners following a profession, trade, or industry must present themselves at the Prefecture of Police, provided with papers establishing their identity and their residence, and obtain a certificate of registration at the cost of a few francs. Without this certificate the foreigner is liable to a prosecution and a fine of from fifty to two hundred francs; and any person knowingly employing him is also liable to a penalty. Special difficulties too are placed in the way of foreign practitioners of medicine

with regard to the recognition of their diplomas.

If we leave Europe and cross the ocean, we find the same kind of feeling prevailing. In Australia and America the Chinese are expelled and kept out by measures of a very stringent kind; and in far off Japan there has been a considerable outburst of feeling against the alien. The United States have taken measures to discourage the foreigner by placing obstacles in the way of his acquiring land, and forbidding him to enter under a contract of labour. Stringent laws have been passed regarding the admission of immigrants, and they are threatened soon to be stopped altogether. The treatment of the Negroes by the Whites and the horrible cases of lynch-law are a terrible witness of the inhumanities which racial differences can cause. In the United States moreover the dislike of foreign competition takes the form of high policy of State. For what is protection but a wrong-headed piece of selfishness? Anything more egregiously selfish on the part of the American manufacturer than the McKinley Tariff Act it would be difficult to imagine, and it is pleasing to note that it seems to have brought its own Nemesis with it. And so it is in much the same way all over the world; Protection is the adopted policy everywhere. Carlyle described Cobden as an inspired bagman who dreamed of a calico millennium; but the millennium of Free Trade seems as far off as ever.

In democracies the acts of the Legislative Chambers are the reflex of the opinions of the people, and new laws or changes in the old laws on nationality and naturalisation seem to point to the existence of a sort of national self-consciousness; they are, so to speak, attempts of the people to emphasize their distinctness and separateness in the family of nations. In France, Sweden, Norway, and Spain, these laws have all been amended since 1887, and in Holland the subject was under discussion last

year. Clearly then the subject of nationality is receiving its full share of attention.

Though not of much practical importance in itself, the question of the nationality of the present Duke of Coburg is for these reasons interesting. The fact is that all claims to nationality and naturalisation are everywhere scanned with a very jealous eye. Every State has on these subjects its own special laws, which are of infinite variety and form a perfect "wilderness of single instances." But there are two principles which underlie them all, and these are that no citizen shall be allowed to lightly shed his nationality, and that naturalisation shall not be too easily acquired. The legal maxim, *nemo potest exuere patriam*, is still a working principle, into which however considerable breaches have been made. The English law, for instance, by the Naturalisation Act of 1870, now permits an Englishman to assume a foreign nationality; and it seems to be the better opinion that the Duke of Coburg has ceased to be a British subject, though the question is by no means free from doubt. This is the inclusive principle which is occasioned by the desire of a nation to preserve as far as possible her claim to the allegiance of her natural-born citizens. The other principle is one of exclusion, and aims at keeping aliens out from the enjoyment of advantages to which they are not by birth entitled. Naturalisation is almost universally regarded as a boon which can only be conceded to those who can show themselves worthy to receive it. The militant spirit which now dominates the Continent, and the desire to make the net of conscription as sweeping as possible, makes the subject more practically important than it otherwise would be. And here, as once before, we may take France as a typical example of the difficulties and inconveniences which naturalisation laws are found to create. By the French Law of 1889 it is provided that "every individual born in France

of a foreigner also born there" is a French citizen; and the word foreigner has there been interpreted to mean either the father or the mother; so that a person born in France of a foreign father also born there, but of a French mother, is to be deemed a French citizen. And this is so, even though such a person resides habitually abroad. This was actually decided in the Court of Cassation in the case of one Lucien Hess, who wished to vindicate his French nationality. But in the vast majority of cases similar to that of Lucien Hess, the desire was not to claim but to repudiate French nationality. The law was often felt to bear very hardly upon those who had no intention to claim as French subjects, and there were many who had always claimed to be British; it might for example render a man liable to punishment as a deserter. It may be at least partially ascribed to the protests of our government that this most inconvenient law was last July amended; and it is now provided that the child of a mother born in France, the father being born abroad, shall during his twenty-first year have the right of declining to accept French nationality; and in the event of his neglecting to decline it in the legal form during that year he is to be deemed a French subject.

All these facts seem to point to the conclusion that national sentiment, and with it also international animosity, tends to grow and even to assume an exaggerated form. It is an exhibition which cannot but excite our surprise. What has caused it is not at all easy to decide. It

would almost seem to be the case that national feeling having nearly everywhere obtained its legitimate ends, is throwing its yet unspent forces into irregular channels. The nations are now fully grown, and their pent-up patriotism has now no obstacles to break itself upon. Then again perhaps the spur of competition renders the conditions of life harder to bear than formerly. Great armaments and huge national debts are a crushing burden to sustain. But the world has yet to learn that in the long run no one nation can gain by the losses or the sufferings of the others, any more than individuals can gain by the impoverishment of their neighbours. The total wealth of the world is made up of the contributions of all nations, and the poverty of one cannot but impair the riches of the rest. This is a lesson which is slowly learned by the masses, and by many of them is never learned at all. That one country can benefit by the infliction of losses on another is as much an economic superstition as that wealth consists in amassing the precious metals. And yet it is an idea which dies hard. It is frequently forgotten what valuable services aliens have often rendered to their adopted countries, and how readily moreover they are amalgamated with the rest of the population. If these aspects of the question were better understood or remembered, the virtue of patriotism would not be so often sullied by that narrow and ungenerous spirit which too frequently distinguishes it to-day.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

## THE RIOTS IN BOMBAY.

BY AN OLD INDIAN MAGISTRATE.

THE incident about to be narrated, though trivial enough in itself, may serve to illustrate and explain certain events which have very recently taken place in India. The Hindus and Mahomedans have lived so long together in the same country, under different administrations, that it must strike the mere bystander as strange that they have not long ago contrived some arrangement by which both parties should exercise their religious duties without interfering with each other. The same bystander would also, doubtless, be surprised to find that useful and often picturesque quadruped, the cow, figuring again as a theological factor, and creating unpleasant feelings between the natives of Hindustan and the foreign race who have succeeded to the throne of the Moguls. Some light may perhaps be thrown on both these points. The story must perforce take the form of a personal narrative, but the eye-witness will be only used as evidence, and shall not be more put forward than is absolutely necessary.

A year or two before the Mutiny I was stationed at Allypore in north-west India, holding the post of second or subsidiary magistrate. My chief made up his mind to take leave to the hills for the autumn, and started on his journey leaving me in charge of the district. Our Commissioner, who in that part of the country occupies very much the position of a French *préfet*, made no objection at the time, though I have wondered since that he did not do so. I was not too young, but from having been in the Secretariat was quite inexperienced in managing a large town and the extensive tract of which it formed the provincial capital. And when I came to look at

the work in hand, and found that the Moslem Mohurrum would fall at the same time as the Games of Ram, it struck me that for a novice I had rather an awkward task before me. The latter festival is a favourite one with the Hindus, and in the old days was generally chosen for the opening of the fighting season. The Mahomedan year being a lunar one, the fasts and feasts of that creed circle round, and so periodically clash with the commemorations of the Hindu solar year, which are comparatively fixed. The head-borough or *kotwal* of the city was a tall, stout very good-tempered, cheerful Mahomedan, who, not to introduce difficult names, shall be called Ali Baba. On thinking over possible plans of control, it occurred to me that as Hindus were more manageable than the followers of the Prophet, it would be as well to put the maintenance of order entirely in Moslem hands, and to then use every exertion to prevent misuse of power. I sent for Ali Baba and communicated my idea to him. He looked rather comical, and for the moment seemed short of breath, but recovered immediately, and was loud in his approval of, what he was good enough to call, my great wisdom. He declared the scheme to be excellent, and promised to take prompt measures for carrying it out. The date was, of course, before the days of an organised police. The head-boroughs had great influence, and I do not think were inefficient, but were certainly arbitrary and unscrupulous. They were supported by a large body of roughly armed men, who being dressed in different costumes looked a mixed mob, gaining from some forgotten wit the appellation of Constables' Miscellany.



During the time that elapsed before the celebrations I signed orders, made out by Ali Baba, directing that all Hindu constables were to be temporarily drafted out of the city to country stations, and their places filled up by Mahomedans drawn from distant posts. Ali Baba was told that if any constable exhibited the least party-feeling in the city, he would be severely punished; and that as Islam was entirely in the ascendant, it must also consider itself on its best behaviour. The *kotwal* was in direct communication with the leading members of his faith, and guaranteed that there should be no arrogance or overbearing conduct. I also frequently saw Mohun, the chief Hindu merchant. He was rather glum, and asked me one day if I had observed what Ali Baba was doing; but when I remarked that he was acting under my strict orders, Mohun replied that, in that case, all must be right. I assured him the only object in view was the preservation of order, and that not the slightest interference with Hindu usages would be allowed. He was silent for a while, and then, on taking leave, remarked significantly, but very civilly, that the city was an ancient Hindu place and had no fancy for Moslem predominance. Mohun was right; the majority of the inhabitants were Hindus, and had never even recognised the name Allygurh imposed by the Moguls, but called their native home Koel.

It would be out of place to describe, except in mere outline, the two anniversaries which in this particular year happened to be celebrated concurrently. The Mohurrum recalls the deaths, which are also termed martyrdoms, of Hassan and Hussain, the grandsons of the Prophet. The grief more especially weighs upon the Shia sect, but Shia and Soonee alike commemorate the occasion. Processions are frequent; there is incessant drumming and shouting of the names of the two heroes, with combats of single-stick, and rapid whirling of torches;

a model of the tomb of Hussain is carried through the streets, and at last buried in a piece of ground especially devoted to the purpose. The Games of Ram are in honour of the legendary expedition of Ram to Ceylon; they begin with a procession in which Ram and Seeta are represented in their early years by children; and they terminate with an attack on a great pasteboard image of the giant Ravan, which is filled with fireworks and comes to the dramatic end of an explosion. It was arranged that the ceremonies of the Moslems should take place first, and afterwards those of the Hindus; with which Mohun, as spokesman of the latter, expressed himself satisfied.

Nothing could have apparently passed off better than the pageants of the last important day. The sort of outbreaks that often take place are of the following nature. A Brahmin, perhaps in forming part of a procession passing a mosque, will blow his sacred conch or shell. This is considered a defiance from idol-worshippers, and the followers of Mustapha rush out and lay about them with their quarter-staves. Or perhaps the evening ritual is being performed in a temple, and just as the sacred fire is flashed before the devotees, in comes whizzing through the air a shin-bone of beef. Whereupon the congregation make for the nearest mosque, the elect are knocked off their prayer-carpets, and confusion reigns supreme.

But on this occasion at Allygurh there was not even exchange of abuse, and amity and forbearance appeared to prevail. The only thing I observed was that a tiresome fellow named Lal Mahommed, who called himself Well-Wisher of Islam, and who was a kind of stormy petrel appearing only when it was going to be rough, sent in an insolent petition, saying that the route laid down for the Mahomedan procession did not include parts of the city which the followers of the Prophet had a right

to visit. He was, however, rebuked and silenced.

When all was over Ali Baba came to see me, and as I really thought I had exhibited some administrative talent, I expected he would compliment me on the success of my scheme. But though he laughed a good deal, in a decorous Oriental way, he shook his head. Two or three of the grain-merchants, he said, had gone off to Meerut to complain to the Commissioner.

"What on earth for?" cried I.

"If an occasion of this sort was regulated by the angels," said the *kotwal*, "some one would be dissatisfied."

However, as I was in constant communication with the Commissioner, I did not apprehend any trouble, and went to bed on the whole rather satisfied with myself.

Early the next morning Ali Baba was with me. "All well?" I asked.

"No, indeed," he replied; "*Hut-tal* has been proclaimed."

This meant a closing of all the shops; for the word is composed of *hut* short for *hath*, a market, and *tal* for *tala*, a lock; the whole proceeding being well represented by our expression, a lock-out. As almost the whole trade of the place, and that of grain and cloth quite exclusively, was in the hands of Hindu merchants, and these again were members of stringent guilds, the condition of affairs was awkward.

Mohun, who though he had not gone himself to Meerut, had undoubtedly sent the deputation, was summoned. He was very plausible, and said that, owing to my excellent plans, not an abusive word had been uttered; all had been perfect peace, and I should doubtless be rewarded by the Government.

"If that be so," I said, "then what necessity for the lock-out?"

"Oh, the lock-out," he murmured, "yes, the lock-out. Some ignorant men are rather angry with the *kotwal*, to be sure. But what can they do

against your auspices? Of course, turning an ancient seat of the Hindu religion into a Mussulman town strikes some feeble minds as not so well. But there was no fighting, no disputes; it was really wonderful!"

For three blessed weeks did that lock-out continue, during which time there was nothing to be got to eat, and not even a strip of cloth to cover a Mussulman body for burial. The townsfolk had to go out into the villages to buy grain and sweetmeats, and though I did persuade one or two traders to come over from the neighbouring town of Hattrass, they found it desperately hard work to make business.

I had to keep a diary for the Commissioner, and though I made out things as favourably as I could, still the indisputable fact remained, that all trade had come to a stand-still. I was very anxious; every post-carriage whose horn I heard on the high-road, I fancied must contain the Commissioner himself, or some older man sent to see if he could not do better than I had done. I rode through the dead streets amidst many peevish complaints and groans, but there was no law which could then touch the situation, and Ali Baba was greatly opposed to persuasion, as he said Mohun was a most obstinate man.

At length, late one night, the *kotwal* came confidentially to me. "Mohun has had enough of it," he said. "He wants to be ordered to open the bazaar. I am so unpopular that it is no use my giving the order. But if your honour will come down the first thing in the morning, and be peremptory with the merchants, they are dying to give in."

My poor reputation had gone to the winds and I had no pride left, the sole idea being to get trade to go on again somehow. So I promised to be down the first thing next day; and on keeping my engagement in the struggling light, found Mohun standing at the entrance of the main

street. After compliments, he said casually, "Any orders for me this morning?"

"Yes," I said, "the bazaar must be instantly opened."

"The bazaar!" he cried as if in great surprise, then turning to some of his friends near him, he asked, "Do you hear what the Sahib says? Open away then, brothers!" And walking in front of my horse, Mohun in a stentorian voice directed that the orders should be carried out. The bamboo hurdles flew down (they are used as shutters), and the busy hum of trade soon followed our steps, like water closing in after a boat.

When we got to the *kotwalee*, there was Ali Baba surrounded by the Miscellany and profuse in his congratulations, but evidently right glad to have had nothing to do with the pacification, and longing for solitude to indulge in a good laugh. Mohun insisted upon it that the merchants must never have given in, had it not been for me. He made a festival of the day, and presented the town with a spectacle of fireworks in the evening. An elephant was sent up to my house, with the entreaty that I would honour the occasion, and I had a very uncomfortable ride on a young animal, frightened to death at the noise, and trembling so as to produce something analogous to sea-sickness.

The Commissioner returned the petition of the merchants on the ground that they had virtually taken the law into their own hands. Nor was he angry with me. He saw of course that I had been made use of by Ali Baba and Mohun for their own purposes, but he remembered that people have to act in India without anybody's advice, and that if errors had been committed, at any rate the peace had been kept.

Parochial and unimportant as these events may seem, they serve to show how easily ill-feeling may spring up between the two great religions of our Eastern Empire; and of course,

if mismanagement occurs and actual conflicts take place, the ill-feeling becomes greatly aggravated.

The recent riots at Bombay and at other smaller towns will be fresh in every memory. They were perhaps fomented at the time by a society which, though professedly devoted to the religious interests of the Hindus, does not represent, so far as can be gathered, any particular body of the native community. It terms itself, for its own purposes, the Cow Protection Society, and certainly, if it was not directly connected with the riots, it considerably increased its operations in consequence of them. It has been urged that this association is the voice of the agricultural peasantry on an important point of their creed. But those who really know the peasantry in their fields and villages, know very well that they are far too occupied with precarious seasons, with the tax-gatherer and the money-lender, to take up a cry of their own accord, when no new usages, no innovations in practice, have been introduced, and nothing whatever has occurred to alarm prejudice or to threaten annoyance.

The sacred animal occupies the same position it has done since the commencement of the Mahommedan supremacy. Of course there long survived many native States where the cow was more fully protected, but as these came gradually under Moslem influence, no question was raised as to whether the ruling power should entertain its own views on the treatment of the animal. It was looked upon as a matter of course that the Mahommedans should eat beef, and nothing is better known than that the English have always followed a similar practice.

As it is absurd to suppose that without any provocation the peasantry could suddenly raise to an important religious height a question which in point of fact has never existed between us and them, it is evident that the

excitement in the agricultural districts was due to instigation. And the inquiry next comes round, who are the wire-pullers? The young India of advanced ideas with whom we are familiar in London, the rising generation who wear European clothes and do not refuse to sit at European tables, declares itself to have got far beyond cows; and even if in search of political influence, the clever *babus* who claim to represent the Indian people would scarcely have the impudence, after breaking with so many prejudices, to come forward on such a platform.

It is possible some of the less educated Rajas, under the direction of their Brahmins, may be agitating through sincere notions of religious duty, or under mistaken religious apprehensions. But neither in number nor influence are such persons of any importance.

There can be little doubt that the real promoters of this unnecessary association are actuated by disaffection to the British rule, or are in the pay of those who are interested in disturbing the peace between our government and its Indian subjects. The whole matter certainly claims the fullest examination, and will doubtless receive it at the hands of the new Viceroy.

Our course is clear. We have always professed the principles of an enlightened toleration; but a tolera-

tion which excludes from its operations ourselves and the Mahomedans, is not an enlightened one. We must keep to that line of conduct which has succeeded so well hitherto. The policy, which has found favour in some quarters, of humouring Hindu bigotry by weak concessions, is both retrograde and dangerous. It has been asked why need the Mahomedans kill cows when they can get goats; why should not the English soldier eat mutton instead of beef? Then came the counter-question; why should not the Mahomedans do what they have always done, why should the English soldier be asked to alter his habits? To this a craven voice answered that the majority does not like such usages. The majority! But the majority were in favour of burning widows, of stuffing mud in old people's mouths, of offering children to the sacred rivers, of infanticide, of isolating pariahs, of burying lepers alive, of suicide, of self-mutilations. Are we to turn back through that dark avenue of cruelty to the barbarous times? Certainly, if we take a single retrograde step, we shall demonstrate to all the world that we are unworthy of the position we hold. But such ignoble and disastrous counsels will never, of course, prevail. Nothing but the old calmness is required; to be just and firm, and to meet outrage by unhesitating punishment.

## OESCHENEN.

(IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND.)

We passed beneath the pine-trees proud,  
 Cicalas chirped about our feet,  
 And countless waterfalls made loud  
 The stillness of the noontide heat.  
 Before us rose a hill,—and then  
 Surely the lake of Oeschenen!

Onward we pressed; high walls of rock  
 On either side the valley pent;  
 And o'er the right precipitous block  
 Behold, from some far glacier sent,  
 A flood shot forward into air,  
 Spread into spray, and vanished there.

We follow still the stony track,  
 At the rude bridge we cross the stream,  
 Above us pine-woods glimmer black,  
 Below us hurrying waters gleam;  
 Then steeper grows the rocky slope,—  
 Beyond the chalet lies our hope.

Oh moment of a glad surprise!  
 A little to the left we bent,  
 And bright beneath the summer skies,  
 Blue under the blue firmament,  
 Silently came within our ken  
 The wondrous lake of Oeschenen.

Few men behold it where it lies,  
 And feeds the rills that feed the sea,  
 Most dear to more than human eyes,  
 To the sun's eye that lovingly  
 From the mid-heaven looks thereon,  
 And to the stars when day is gone.

On one side pine-woods clothe the shore;  
 On three sheer sides the mountain wall  
 Climbs up three thousand feet or more;  
 And here and there the streamlets fall  
 From where untrodden fields of snow  
 To further heights undreamed of go.

We gazed on the still depths below ;  
We gazed on the pure heights o'erhead ;  
We bathed ; the quick returning glow  
Chased the first chill away, and sped  
A longing through our frames to soar  
To the great mountains evermore.

Oh for strong tireless wings to bear  
Us onward, far above the lake,  
Far above steep and torrent, where  
The snows of God for ever make  
Their mansion, pure as at their birth,  
Unsoiled by the gross touch of earth.

We lingered through the afternoon ;  
We plucked the strawberries that grew  
Beneath the pines ; and all too soon  
We saw the hours slip by, and knew  
We must make homeward through the glen,  
Leaving the lake of Oeschenen.

So backward ; ere the darkness fell,  
From the open casement of our inn,  
Over the scene we loved so well  
We watched the mists of evening win.  
The Blümlis-Alp took fire ; but then  
We saw no more of Oeschenen.

F.



## THE 9.0 P.M. FROM PADDINGTON.

TOMMY GRIFFIN was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. She kept house for him and herself in the basement and attics of a decent dwelling in Islington, and let the remainder as lodgings to respectable single gentlemen with incomes of that uncertain character which renders payment in advance more to be desired than attained.

Tommy decided early to be a lawyer, and with that object in view entered a solicitor's office at the age of fifteen as general utility boy, running messages and opening doors all day, and spending his evenings in reading an old copy of Stephen's Commentaries and learning shorthand (when he could get no "overtime" work to do); for he was ambitious and wished to make himself very useful to the Firm. And the Firm thought well of him, and after three years gave him eighteen shillings a week and a desk in the copying department, for he wrote a beautiful hand; all of which pleased his mother greatly and made the lodgers think well of him too; though his studious and dutiful habits, with a certain priggish air he had of impressing upon them his determination to win a comfortable and unharassed old age for his mother (which seemed to imply a reflection upon themselves), attracted on the whole more admiration than affection. He had a large head also, and his head seemed to increase in size with his success. This among other things caught the attention of one of the lodgers, an old gentleman who paid regularly and reported for parochial newspapers, which combined to make his assertions authoritative; and led him to remark to Tommy's mother one day that the boy was overdoing it and ought to

have a holiday if he was to keep that head straight.

Now Tommy had had no real holiday for four years, and his head was large, as has been said, and his studiousness intense, and his dutifulness more or less obtrusive. Besides, he had several quaint notions of his own (derived from no one knew where) about religion and so forth, and a wild way of blurring them out. The young lodger who occupied the second-floor-front and did nothing in particular on a hundred and twenty pounds a year except "look about him," had conceived an immense dislike for Tommy, and expressed it in various sarcastic taunts. Mrs. Griffin was much offended thereat; but as the young lodger was not actively dissolute, and moreover had an assured income, she did not give public vent to her feelings.

The end of it was that when Tommy was about nineteen, he did take a fortnight's holiday, in the latter part of September. The expense had been one of the chief considerations; but the old gentleman had a sister who made dresses in the neighbourhood of Penzance, and on the strength of his long friendship with Mrs. Griffin and with a plot in his head (for he thought Tommy would come to something some day if he was properly looked after), he offered to obtain him an introduction and an inexpensive lodging in what he described in his best journalistic style as a "veritable garden." Mrs. Griffin thought he said "vegetable", but she acceded all the same, for she valued the old gentleman's friendship and was proud of the interest her son had excited. So she bought him a return ticket and gave him a sovereign for incidental expenses, for Tommy

always gave his earnings into her charge every week, and saw him off one evening by the 9.0 p.m. from Paddington. He chose to travel by the night train; travelling by day, he thought, was a waste of time.

And this was Tommy's first introduction to the 9.0 p.m. from Paddington to Penzance. It impressed him deeply. Penzance impressed him deeply too when he arrived there early next morning, having waked at five and watched the sun rise over a country he had never even had any ideas about. He recognised its superiority to Highgate or Epping Forest at once, and the river at Gravesend which he had seen on a certain Bank Holiday sank into insignificance in his memory before this inspiring vision of the blue sea.

Mrs. Treruan, his hostess, impressed him also; but above all and last of all came Miss Treruan, whom for some reason or other the old gentleman had not mentioned, and impressed him as nothing in his life impressed him before or since. In fact he fell hopelessly in love with her at first sight. She was a very pretty girl with beautiful dark eyes and hair and a complexion, as he explained afterwards, "like an advertisement of Pears' Soap." Tommy's comparisons were naturally drawn from his usual surroundings, and he always qualified this one with a remark or two which showed that he recognised that it was not altogether satisfactory.

Tommy's experience of girls was not extensive, for his days were spent in the office and his evenings at home, and he did not read *Tit-Bits* or *Ally Sloper* or novels, or anything in fact by way of substitute, however inadequate; so he fell an easy prey. And strange to say Mrs. Treruan did not appear to mind. Perhaps the old gentleman had something to do with it. She seemed to take a great fancy to Tommy from the first; he was so full of determination to succeed in life and do his duty, so open and trustworthy and tidy and good altogether

that she permitted Polly (that was Miss Treruan's other name) to take him to all the sights in the neighbourhood. Which Miss Treruan did and derived considerable entertainment therefrom; as also did Tommy, though he could never feel quite sure that he was not being laughed at by this beautiful little girl. She certainly seemed surprised when his ecstatic delight at all he saw and did came blundering out in his own peculiar language, and gave him to understand that, if he was not out of place, still he was the most extraordinary boy she had ever met, and his ideas almost incomprehensible.

And one day she did openly laugh at him. For she took him in a boat over to Newlyn and made him horribly sick. They got out there and she recommended him to walk home by road and leave her to take the boat back. But to this in spite of his sickness Tommy would by no means assent, though what good his going back with her could do was not apparent, for he was not accustomed to rowing to say the least of it, and he was hardly likely to do himself justice then in any way. But he would recross the bay, and nothing she would say should prevent him; she was a girl, and he was a man, and his duty, &c. &c. She left off laughing at the way he said all this, and he was very sick again going back. His duty did not impel him to go boating any more. He found there was plenty to be done on shore, the Land's End to be seen, and the Logan Stone, and Gurnard's Head, and St. Ives and lots more.

He enjoyed himself in that fortnight more than he had ever imagined it possible for a man to enjoy himself, and came back to town not exactly engaged,—no engagement could be thought of before he had talked the matter over with his mother—but with the distinct understanding that, when Tommy Griffin had attained a rise of salary sufficient to justify his hopes about the ultimate success of his career, Polly Treruan would be

ready to accept such a ring as he could afford and give a binding promise in exchange.

He drew it all out in legal phraseology on a piece of note-paper, somewhat distressed at the necessity for absence of witnesses to the signatures, and put a whole sixpenny stamp in the top left-hand corner, which they both kissed. Then he made her a copy in his best handwriting, and put the original in his pocket.

He told his mother all about it when he came back, and his mother told the old gentleman. The old gentleman asked to see Tommy, and when Tommy came up blushing but defiant, with the determination to do his duty by his love as he had done by his mother written all over his face, the old gentleman, with an almost imperceptible twinkle in his eye, shook his hand and declared him looking first-rate, and that nothing in the world could have pleased him (the old gentleman) better, which was more or less true, and that (here Tommy's face grew dazzling to behold) Miss Treruan should come up for a week at Christmas to stay at his own expense, so that Tommy's mother might see her and approve the engagement, as he was sure she would do when she saw his own niece and her own Tommy's choice. Mrs. Griffin gave evidence of her approval in anticipation by wringing the old gentleman's hand and then bursting into tears on Tommy's swelling breast with her arms clasped round Tommy's big head.

Thenceforth Tommy became possessed of but one idea, which after all was but an expansion of the one he had been always possessed of, and this was to get an increase of salary and please those he loved. He did both. For at Christmas the junior partner, who was a young man with a notion or two out of the common as to the mutual obligations of employer and employed, and who valued Tommy and his handwriting highly, made him blush again for delight by personally announcing his intention to raise

Tommy's earnings to twenty-three shillings a week and to subsequently entrust all the most important copying to his hands. But the young lodger on the second-floor said that Tommy's head was turning, which remark was generally and naturally attributed to the young lodger's envy at Tommy's success; for the young lodger had not succeeded in finding anything yet.

Christmas brought Polly Treruan for the promised week, and Tommy revelled the whole of Bank Holiday. But except then and on Christmas-day he did not see much of her until the evenings, for his increased salary necessitated his strict attention to his work. The evenings, however, were delightful, and he took her to the pit of the Adelphi and one or two other places. Mrs. Griffin liked her exceedingly and told her so to her face, and the old gentleman's satisfaction at the success of his scheme showed itself unmistakably in the constant wearing of his best clothes and in perpetual smoking, a habit he only indulged in during times of great prosperity. The young lodger made himself very agreeable too, and expressed his belief in Tommy's sanity after all, at all events upon one point, which was the beauty of Miss Treruan. And this he said in a very engaging way which made that young lady blush, for the young lodger was very handsome; which Tommy was not, by reason of his big head. The young lodger had all his time to himself too, which Tommy had not; and the young lodger left off looking about for something for all the week of Miss Treruan's visit to London. Consequently his eyes fell upon Miss Treruan a good deal, and made her feel uncomfortable at first in one way, and then uncomfortable in a different way. It was a pity the young lodger was so handsome, but there was no reason why she should stay in all day because Tommy was at his office, when she wanted to see so much of London and the young lodger knew so much of it

and was only too ready to show it to her. But she wished that Tommy did not seem so worthy and uninteresting beside this captivating and slightly disreputable young man, with his verses and politeness and yearnings after literary fame, which he gave her to understand was the something for which he was looking. He showed her specimens of his ability, though he forbore to tell her they had been declined by those who ought to have known better; and some of them touched her to the heart, or so she thought.

At the end of the week Miss Polly had to go back to her dressmaking, and Tommy put on his best clothes in the evening and escorted her in a cab to Paddington station, with his fingers fidgeting in his waistcoat-pocket all the way at a little cardboard box with cotton-wool and something else inside it. They arrived much too early, as Tommy had planned they should, and he found her a seat in a third-class carriage, and a hot-water can for her feet; and then talked to her very earnestly through the window for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which he produced the cardboard box, and out of it a thin gold ring with a tiny bit of ruby set in it. This he solemnly handed to her, but she had her gloves on (Tommy, as has been said, was inexperienced) and put it back in the box and the box in her pocket, and turned away her head; all of which proceedings Tommy attributed to the confusion arising from modesty. Five minutes before the train started, however, he summoned up courage to turn her face towards him with his hand and kiss her. It was an effort, but he kissed her. He had never kissed any one before, except his mother and the kitten. He saw that her eyes were wet, but he put that down to sorrow at parting from him. So he kissed her timidly and reminded her again of her promise, and remained standing on the platform in a state of unutterable bliss for several minutes after the train had passed away.

And this was his second introduction to the 9.0 p.m. Thenceforth Paddington station became a sacred place to him, and the 9.0 p.m. a sort of personal friend and connecting link between him and London and Polly and Penzance and the past and future, and a perpetual reminder of all sorts of other things of happy import and pleasurable significance. He took to going there in the evenings to watch the train off, and this cheap delight grew upon him so that he found himself looking forward to it and counting upon it, and at last got into a regular habit of attending the departure of the 9.0 p.m. twice a week. He would sit down on a seat on the platform and picture the scene and react it to himself all over again, always regretting that he had only kissed her once in reality. It had been such a momentary transport, and he knew he might have kissed her several times if he had only dared.

No one interfered with him, and the inspectors grew accustomed to his presence. He was very happy altogether, and would sit up late at night with his work, to make up for the couple of hours this pleasure took.

It was about six weeks after Polly's departure that the young lodger suddenly gave notice. It appeared from his account that he had succeeded at last in finding something, and the something, according to him, was connected with a Western paper; but he was not very explicit. As Tommy sat on the platform one evening the young lodger appeared and took a seat in a smoking-carriage. Tommy bounded up in a frantic state of excitement to wish him good-bye and good luck, and then in the fulness of his heart gave the young lodger various messages to deliver to the West in general and to Penzance in particular. The young lodger seemed very much taken aback and rather frightened, but after a moment, as he looked at Tommy's open countenance, his self-possession came back and he explained that he

was going no further than Plymouth, but that if Tommy cared for his messages to be published there he would do all he could to make them known as widely as possible. This flippancy rather damped poor Tommy, and he apologised, though he hardly knew for what, and shrank back to his usual seat to watch the train off.

And so things went on for another month. Then he got a letter; a not uncommon sort of letter, beginning with "could he ever forgive her," announcing in the middle that by the time he got that she would be a wife, and winding up with a paltry acknowledgment of Tommy's claim to the "love and respect of a far better girl than she was."

Poor Tommy! That night he saw the train off as usual, but an inspector took him to the refreshment-bar and gave him some brandy afterwards, for Tommy managed somehow to fall in front of a luggage-truck, and to get mixed up with some milk-cans, and to bruise his big head very badly indeed. But the brandy made him feel all right, and he went home and did no end of "overtime" at a furious pace.

A day or two afterwards the junior partner called Tommy into his room. He held an affidavit in his hand. It was lucky he had seen it, he said; he could not understand it. It did not seem careless so much as perfectly drunk; that was the junior partner's expression. The 27th day of February had in three places become the 9.0 p.m. from Paddington, and people who had nothing to do with Paddington, and incidents which were described as having happened at various places in the rough draft, were all mixed up with Paddington and the 9.0 p.m. in an inexplicable manner in Tommy's fair copy. Was it a joke, or could Tommy account for it other-

wise? Tommy could, but for some reason or other he did not, and suddenly the junior partner asked him if he was ill, and then said it did not matter.

During the next week Tommy's copying suffered a fearful amount of correction, and the junior partner looked puzzled and, to do him justice, anxious. He made Tommy leave off writing and sent him about with the managing clerk to attend on chamber-summonses and such like, to see practice. At least that was what he told Tommy was his reason.

But that did not seem to mend matters, and Tommy began to talk, something about Penzance and the 9.0 p.m., in a incoherent and unintelligible manner. The clerks laughed at him at first, and then one of them told the junior partner. The junior partner went to see Tommy's mother, and found her with a look of horrible dread fixed on her face. The result of that interview was that the junior partner, who had a heart and notions of his own, as has been said, used his best endeavours to find a place for Tommy in a lunatic asylum; and he succeeded.

And there Tommy is supplied with pens and ink and paper and writes profusely all sorts of legal documents, with never an atom of sense in any one of them but what may be gathered from the continual mention of the 9.0 p.m. from Paddington. It is worse than King Charles' head. Sometimes he copies out a form of agreement from a paper out of his pocket, but mostly it is mere inconsecutive legal jargon.

Sometimes they give him a treat, and send him with an attendant to Paddington station in the evening. They find that it makes him seemingly quite calm and happy for days afterwards.

## CROMWELL'S VETERANS IN FLANDERS.

IN a former paper a brief account was given of the great design conceived by Cromwell against Spain almost immediately upon his accession to the Protectorate, and of the opening attack on the Spanish West Indies.<sup>1</sup> The operations were planned, as became the greatest naval power in Europe, to be carried on principally at sea; and while one fleet was busy in the West Indies, a second was cruising off the Spanish Coast. The latter, after months of weary waiting, at last reaped its reward in Blake's great victory and capture of the Spanish plate-fleet at Teneriffe on the 20th of April 1657. But meanwhile Cromwell's aggression had driven Spain to take to her heart all his bitterest enemies, and chief among these the exiled King Charles the Second. The Protector then began to look for an ally, as the war seemed likely to be carried on nearer home. He had already (9th Sept. 1655) concluded a treaty with France, and he now (March 1657, N.S.) expanded this treaty into an offensive and defensive alliance. It so fell out that the famous Red-coats made their first appearance on the continent of Europe side by side with the French, and under supreme command of the great Marshal Turenne.

Of the protracted negotiations which preceded the conclusion of this alliance nothing need be said, except that they were conducted by William Lockhart, who had been himself sometime an ensign in the French army, had afterwards fought on the losing side at Preston, and soon after taken service with the victorious Cromwell. What difficulty he had to gain his treaty, point by point, from the

<sup>1</sup> See *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1894.

trickery of Mazarin, how he outraged his Scotch conscience by going to a royal ball on a Sunday sooner than risk failure, and how ultimately he achieved success, all this must remain buried in the recesses of Thurloe's State-Papers. The terms of the treaty stipulated that the French should provide twenty thousand men, and the Protector six thousand as well as a sufficient fleet. The plan of campaign, as set down on paper, was the reduction of the three coast towns of Mardyck, Dunkirk and Gravelines; whereof the two first, when captured, were to be made over to England and the third to be retained by France. Cromwell's object, of course, was to secure a naval station from which he could check any attempt of the Stuarts upon England from the Spanish Netherlands. Mazarin's object was to get all that he could from his English allies for his own ends, Condé being still untamed. Of the six thousand English soldiers, three thousand were actually paid by France; but the whole were commanded by English officers and reckoned to be the Lord Protector's forces. Moreover the English fleet was an important factor, not only for its co-operation by sea but also for the transport of supplies. As a matter of fact the idea of an attack on Dunkirk was much disliked by Turenne; to invest Dunkirk without the previous capture of Nieuport, Furnes, and Bergues, was, as one of his officers said, to be besieged while conducting a siege. But Cromwell had made up his mind that it could and should be done; and eventually, as shall be seen, it was done.

All through the spring of 1657 the English journals are full of the little army. The force, though composed mainly of veterans, was redrafted,



so to speak, into six regiments, known, as usual, by the names of their colonels. The process began in April, and on the first day of May one half of each regiment marched to Dover and thence took ship to St. John's Bay, seven miles from Boulogne. A fortnight later the remainder of the force was embarked, and two days after them followed the officer in command of the expedition. This was Commissary-General Sir John Reynolds, the Protector's brother-in-law, sometime officer in the Ironsides, and, under the New Model, captain in Lieutenant-General Cromwell's regiment of horse. His major-general was Thomas Morgan, known chiefly for his good service in restoring order in Scotland under Monk's vice-royalty. He there gained the affectionate name of "the little colonel," and was a cavalry officer of a stamp best explained by his orders for the conduct of a cavalry charge, "that not a man should fire till he came within a horse's length of the enemy, and then to throw their pistols in their faces and so to fall in with the sword (*sic*)."

The arrival of the six thousand, all, as we are expressly told, in new red coats, created some sensation in France. Ambassador Lockhart went down to review them, and solemnly welcomed each company to France; while the men on their side "received him with acclamations, throwing up their caps; and prayed for his highness." They were "cried up by all that saw them for the bravest men that ever were seen in the French service," and their reputation was so great that the Court of France made a journey on purpose to inspect them. Never were English soldiers made so much of. They took precedence of all the French regiments except the two old regiments of guards; the Court itself moved out of Montreuil to make room for them when they marched thither; the King sent the captain of his guards to welcome them; and Cardinal Mazarin

sent wine, beer and provisions to the officers, and made the town provide them with cheap tents, so that a tent fit for a captain, we are told, might be had for some ten shillings. In fact there was no end to the compliments and civility. At the same time there were some small drawbacks. The pay of the privates was fivepence a day (more than twice as much as the ordinary French rate) and rations in lieu of twopence more; but the specie came in very slowly and was of short weight; and the men did not like the French "ammunition-bread." Still in spite of all the flattery on one hand, and bad money and bad food on the other, the men behaved very well. "We can lie in towns [Abbeville for instance] four days without one complaint," wrote Reynolds at this time, contrasting the discipline of his own men with that of the French, which however he contemptuously admits to be good enough for France.

The design that underlay all this blandishment soon became apparent. Although Dunkirk lies to the north and seaward of Boulogne, the march of the army was to the south and east or landward. Having got hold of their six thousand men Turenne and Mazarin threw the treaty to the winds and set about the siege of Cambrai, concentrating all forces towards that point. Unluckily for them Condé got wind of the design, threw himself by a sudden dash into the town with four thousand horse, and upset the whole plan of campaign. Turenne then detached a force to besiege Montmédi still further to the east, and eventually went thither himself, taking the English with him in spite of all Lockhart's remonstrances. At last, after the capitulation of Montmédi (July 28th), Turenne entered Spanish territory and besieged St. Venant. And here, for the first time, the Red-coats came into prominence, in their own peculiar fashion.

Turenne had invested the town on the east side, and Morgan (Reynolds

being on the sick-list) with his English and a brigade of French horse under Count Schomberg, on the west. In due time it fell to the English to relieve Schomberg in the trenches, and accordingly Morgan marched in eight hundred of his men.

The English at that time being strangers in approaches, Major-General Morgan instructed the officers and soldiers to take their places by fifties that thereby they might relieve the point to carry on the approaches every hour. . . . In the evening Count Schomberg with six noblemen came upon the point to see how Major-General Morgan carried on his approaches: but there happened a little confusion by the soldiers intermingling themselves in the approaches, so as there was never an entire fifty to be called to the point. Count Schomberg and his noblemen taking notice thereof [probably not without some grimacing and shrugging], Major-General Morgan was much troubled, leaped upon the point, and called out fifty to take up the spades, pickaxes, and fascines and follow him. But so it happened that all in the approaches leaped out after him; the enemy in the meantime firing as fast as they could. Major-General Morgan (conceiving his loss in bringing them again to their approaches would be greater than in carrying them forward) passed over a channel of water on which there was a bridge and a turnpike; and the soldiers crying out "Fall on, fall on," he fell upon the counterscarp, beat the enemy from it and [from] three redoubts. Which caused them to capitulate and, the next morning, to surrender the town. (*A Relation of Sir Thomas Morgan's Progress in France*; 1698. Harleian Misc. III. 340. See note at end.)

In this characteristic haphazard fashion did the Red-coats, on the 26th of August 1657, make their first appearance on the Franco-Spanish frontier, a fitting prelude to many subsequent actions. The engagement, accident though it was, gained them a great reputation, for it extricated Turenne from a difficulty. It enabled him to raise the siege of Ardres which was threatened by the Spaniards, and comforted him for the loss on the previous day of the whole of the baggage.

But by this time the season was far spent, and Cromwell's patience thoroughly exhausted. He had not gone to the expense of furnishing his contingent to do Mazarin's work and capture inland towns, and he would have no more of it. He wrote an angry letter to Lockhart, tearing Mazarin's excuses and new proposals to shreds. To talk, he said, of giving inland garrisons "as cautions for future action, and of what would be done next campaign" was "parcels of words for children." Delay would only give the Spaniards time to gather reinforcements; and as to the lateness of the season, "I desire you to let the Cardinal know that the English have had good experience of winter expeditions." For the New Model Army fought all through the winter of 1645-6, entering Cornwall over the high ground to the extreme north-west of Devonshire in February.

This letter had its effect. Early in September Turenne began to move towards the coast; and Reynolds summoned Montague, who commanded the fleet in the Downs, to move up and take his share in the operations. Shortly after Reynolds paid a flying visit to Whitehall, with the result that on the 22nd a reinforcement of two thousand old soldiers was embarked at Deptford and the Tower to fill up the gaps made by sickness and the sword. On the 23rd Reynolds returned to his post and on the 29th Mardyck was invested. The siege lasted but four days, for the place was weak, and our soldiers again distinguished themselves; "They took the wooden fort, which struck the poor Spaniards into a panic fear and made them surrender immediately." This ended the campaign of 1657. The French indeed made an attempt on Gravelines, but were foiled by the simple expedient of opening the sluices; and Turenne thought an attack on Dunkirk impracticable.

Mardyck, pursuant to treaty, was made over to the English, half of whom, together with four hundred French

lent by Turenne, were left to garrison that and Bourbourg, a little to the east. In this duty, together with that of repairing the fortifications, the English forces did not show so well. "The English who were at Mardyck," wrote Turenne, "kept very bad guards there. It is not credible how very much the English are startled at the labour which they undergo; they cannot bear it in any wise." The Spaniards took advantage of these failings to assault the place on the 22nd of October with five thousand men, but were repulsed with a loss of four hundred after an engagement lasting six hours, an action creditable to the garrison, consisting as it did of but thirteen hundred men. After this the English seem to have been more careful, as a particularly cunning old officer, General Monk, hoped that they would be. There was no further assault, so far as can be gathered, though frequent alarms; indeed so many that, according to one account, Morgan "never went out of his clothes the whole winter, except to change his shirt." Nevertheless the mortality in the garrison was appalling. At the beginning of December the men were dying at the rate of ten or twelve a day, and once the number was as high as fifty. "Want of beds, firing, and other accommodations," wrote Reynolds, "will soon reduce these regiments to be like the French at the end of a campaign." Still Cromwell would not at first permit the three regiments in winter quarters to be brought up to Mardyck to reinforce the garrison, and Reynolds' last letter to him was to press this point. Early in December Reynolds and one of his colonels sailed for England, to try what they could do at Whitehall in person. They were never seen again, their vessels having been lost in a great storm, as it was supposed, on the Goodwin Sands. Thus by the end of the first year the English had lost their commander, and nearly if not quite four thousand out of six thousand men; so that when both

armies finally retired to their winter quarters in January 1658, the six full regiments were reduced to four of half their original strength. Lockhart succeeded Reynolds in command.

The winter of 1657-8, a very severe one by all accounts, was gradually worn through, and the time came for the officers (who seem generally to have left the troops to take care of themselves in winter quarters) to repair once more to their posts. Four thousand recruits were supplied for the English on one side, and some hundreds of Irish for James, Duke of York, on the other. The garrison of Mardyck shook itself up, for we learn that by March the new fortifications were "in a gallant posture." At the same time discipline had grown rather lax. The French complained bitterly of "the insolency of the English soldiers"; and when Lockhart paid a visit of inspection in May, he made a most distressing discovery. "I find not one minister here, and out of charity have sent for my chaplain from Calais; the soldiers need much to be both dehorted from evil and exhorted to do good. If you will send over three ministers, they may very well serve the six regiments." Perhaps Uncle Toby's was not the first English army that swore terribly in Flanders.

Morgan had opened the campaign of 1658 by the capture of two Spanish redoubts on the canal between Mardyck and Dunkirk on the 31st of March; but it was not till May 4th that Turenne left his quarters at Amiens, reaching Dunkirk after a very difficult march on the 15th. On the 16th the investment was begun, and on the 24th the trenches were opened; the English being on the south or Mardyck side, the French on the north. On the 27th the Spanish made a sortie against the English, which was vigorously repulsed. The action, wrote Lockhart, "passed for a handsome one in the report of the French, who are not over apt to flatter us," and Turenne himself

acknowledged that "les Anglais y firent fort bien." The English lost but few killed and one hundred and twenty wounded in this affair, which was only the prelude to a greater.

On the 2nd of June the Spanish army, fifteen thousand strong, under Don John of Austria, Condé, the Marquis Caracena, and James Duke of York, drew down to within a mile of Turenne's head-quarters with the evident intention of attacking the besiegers' lines. Turenne at once resolved<sup>1</sup> to give him battle, and intimated to Lockhart late in the afternoon that the English must march next morning. At 6 A.M. therefore they marched off with Lockhart at their head in his coach, having six miles to traverse before they reached their position. It is difficult to discover whether the English were under Lockhart's command or Morgan's in the action which followed; one account being that the former (who, as general, had a regiment of his own) came up to Morgan with a white cap on his head, and said: "You see the condition I am in; I am not able to give you any assistance on this day; you are the older soldier, and the greatest part of the work of this day must lie on your soldiers." Whereat, it is said, the soldiers smiled, as perhaps they reasonably might. As Lockhart mentions that he was suffering from a violent attack of stone, and gives a very vague account of the battle, I am inclined to think that Morgan did most of the work.

Turenne's order of battle was of the mathematically precise type that prevailed in those days. In the first line were thirteen troops of cavalry (say a hundred to a troop) on the right, thirteen troops on the left, and eleven battalions of infantry (five hundred to a battalion) in the centre; in the second line, ten troops

on the right, nine troops on the left, seven battalions in the centre. Four troops of *gendarmes* were posted between the two lines of infantry, and four more were held in reserve. The whole force was reckoned at nine thousand foot and six thousand horse. The English were posted at the extreme left of the infantry, four battalions in the first line and three in the second. But these battalions from their number were evidently much stronger than those of the French, for they formed of themselves the complete left wing of the infantry. In this order the army advanced, dressing by the right; and Morgan gave particular orders that when the French halted, the English should keep an even front with them. "But when the French came to halt, it so happened that the English pressed upon their leading officers, so that they came up within shot of the enemy; but when they saw that Major-General Morgan was in a passion, they put themselves to a stand"; in other words they halted, Major-General Morgan when in a passion being not a man to be trifled with.

Then came one of those strange scenes, such as Marryat has related for us of the Swiss mercenaries at the siege of Rosas. The opposing Spanish troops were mainly composed of Englishmen, and the two hostile forces were so near that they exchanged greetings; one asking "Is such an officer in your army?" another "Is such a soldier in yours?" and so forth. "Major-General Morgan endured this friendship for a little while, and then came up to the centre of the bodies and asked 'How long that friendship would continue?' and told them further, that for anything they knew they would be cutting one another's throats within a minute of an hour. The whole brigade answered 'Their friendship would continue no longer than he pleased.' Then Major-General Morgan bade them tell the enemy, 'No more friendship; prepare your

<sup>1</sup> This is Bussy Rabutin's account; the English story is that Morgan went on his knees to Turenne to beg him to fight. Harl. Misc. III. 340.

buff coats and scarfs, for we will be with you sooner than you expect us." (Harl. Misc. loc. cit.)

Immediately afterwards the Spanish regiment fired a volley, and Morgan at once despatched his adjutant-general for orders; but as his messenger did not return, and he could observe the Spaniards improving their dispositions, he decided to attack at once. The enemy was posted on a sandy hill, and had thrown up a breastwork before them, so that they were likely to make a desperate resistance; indeed, Lockhart admits that he despaired at first sight of dislodging them. Morgan however formed his first line of half of the White regiment (Lockhart's, though Lockhart did not lead it), four hundred firelocks and half of the Blue regiment, the two former to attack in front, the latter in flank.<sup>1</sup> The remainder of his force was ordered not to move till the Spanish right wing was "shocked off its ground"; Morgan promising to return to them "if he were not knocked on the head."

On therefore the "forlorn" advanced to the assault, muskets and pikes and firelocks, English against English; while the French on the right remained on their own ground. Details of the attack are wanting, but Lockhart describes it as the hottest dispute that he ever saw. All that is certain is that the Spanish right wing was shocked off its ground, and that the White regiment lost every one of its officers, except Lockhart himself, killed or wounded. For a moment the Spanish cavalry got among the English attacking line; Bussy Rabutin indeed says that but for the counter-attack of the French cavalry, the English for all their *hardiesse* would have suffered still more severely; but Morgan, not being knocked on the head, brought up his second line, and the Spanish right wing of infantry

turned and fled, the English musketeers as usual plying them with the butt. Meanwhile the French on the right had not stirred, and Bussy Rabutin, in command of the cavalry on the extreme right, only began to move on learning from a passing horseman that the left had done its work. Indeed the battle was already over. The ambitious Morgan deployed his English against the whole line of Spanish infantry, which, seeing its right already dispersed, wheeled about and retired. So that nothing was left but the pursuit, wherein we are told that Lockhart re-appeared "without his white cap on his head, very brisk, and troubled with neither gravel nor stone," which may or may not be true. Lockhart complains that the pursuit was not properly pressed by the French, but the victory was complete enough for its purpose. The English gained great credit for their gallantry, as they deserved; for the success of the day, though Turenne, to the great indignation of Whitehall, would not admit it, was principally due to them. That it should have been so was of course no fault of Turenne, for it is clear that the English blundered into their premature attack at Dunkirk Dunes,<sup>1</sup> just as they did many years later at Fontenoy and Minden.

Dunkirk fell on the 12th of June, and Lockhart was placed in possession. Being reinforced by two old regiments from England he kept but two of the original six with him; releasing the remaining four for field-service under Morgan's command with Turenne. Bergues, Dixmuyde, Menine, and Oudenarde fell in quick succession, and on the 2nd of September Turenne opened the siege of Ypres, the last great operation of the campaign and the last in which we hear of special distinction on the part of the Red coats. Unfortunately we have no longer the journal of Bussy Rabutin whereby to

<sup>1</sup> All the English regiments were, it must be remembered, in scarlet; the distinction of colour refers to the facings.

<sup>1</sup> It was at this action that Condé told the Duke of York that he was going to see a battle lost.



check our best account of the proceedings, and the newspapers also fail to give details of any great value; so we are driven to take the pamphleteer's account for what it is worth.

It would appear then that some few days after the trenches had been opened Turenne obtained certain information from a spy that Condé and Don John of Austria were marching with eleven thousand foot and four thousand horse to relieve the town, and were already within three leagues of it. He accordingly ordered Morgan to keep the whole of his force under arms all night. Morgan replied "that if he did keep the army three nights to that hard shift they would not care who did knock them on the head. The Prince of Condé and Don John of Austria were great captains; and they might dodge with Marshal Turenne to fatigue his army." As an alternative, though a desperate one, Morgan suggested immediate assault on the counterscarp; on which Turenne "joined his hands and ejaculated, 'Did ever my master the King of France or the King of Spain attempt a counterscarp upon an assault, where there were three half moons covered with cannon and the ramparts of the town playing point blank upon the counterscarp.'" Eventually, however, it was decided that the assault should be delivered by three different parties, two French and one English, each of six hundred men and fifty pioneers, and that the time should be just after sunset.

The Major-General made the English stand to their arms and divided them into bodies: a Captain at the head of the pioneers, and the Major-General [Morgan himself] and a Colonel at the head of the two battalions [each three hundred strong]; and he ordered each man . . . . to take up a long fascine upon his musket. Then, upon signal given, the Major-General did order the two battalions, when they came within six score [paces] of the stockados, to slip their fascines and fall on . . . . When the pioneers came in sight of the stockados they slipped the fascines down and fell on; the Major-General and the

two battalions were close to them; and when the soldiers began to lay their hands on the stockados they tore them down for the length of six score and leaped pell-mell into the counterscarp among the enemy. Abundance of the enemy were drowned in the moat, and many taken prisoners, with two German princes; and the counterscarp was cleared. The French were in their approaches all this time. Then the English fell on upon the half-moons, and immediately the Red-coats were on the top of them, throwing the enemy into the moat and turning the cannon upon the town. Thus the two half-moons were speedily taken. After the manning of the half-moons he did rally all the English with intention to lodge them upon the counterscarp, that he might be free of the enemy's shot next morning; and they left the other half-moon for Marshal Turenne's party, which [the half-moon] was even before their approaches. Then the French fell upon the other half-moon, but were beaten off. The Major-General considered that that half moon would gall him in the day-time, and therefore did speak to the officers and soldiers that it was best to give them a little help. The Red-coats answered "Shall we fall on in order or happy-go-lucky?" The Major-General said, "In the name of God, at it happy-go-lucky;" and immediately the Red-coats fell on, and were on the top of it, knocking the enemy down and casting them into the moat. When this work was done the Major-General lodged the English on the counterscarp. (Harl. Misc.)

Next morning the Spaniards beat a parley and were allowed to march out with the honours of war; with one piece of cannon, colours flying, bullet in mouth, and match lighted at both ends, according to the reigning practice of war; and Ypres received a French garrison. The capture of Comine followed before the end of September; and in spite of the inclemency of the season, the French pushed on to within three leagues of Brussels itself. But with the capture of Ypres the most brilliant work of the English contingent was done. In November it moved into winter quarters; and on the 25th of that month Morgan was knighted at Whitehall by Richard Cromwell. For



the great Protector had died on the 3rd of September while the siege of Ypres was in progress, and much had died with him. We hear all through the winter of 1658-9 of nothing but complaints from the unhappy garrison of Dunkirk; of men ill-lodged, ill-fed, and unpaid, and fortifications going to pieces for want of money. Early next year too (1659) the Cromwells fell so that a new oath to a new government had to be sworn, which of course meant anxiety for commanding officers. A suspension of arms between France and Spain followed in May; and in June Commissioners from the English Committee of Safety came over at last to report on the condition of Dunkirk; which however they could not do without going out of their way to insult the two old colonels in command. In August the House of Commons resolved to recall Morgan's famous regiments from Flanders; and the last that we hear of them is their embarkation at Dunkirk for England. This, I am sorry to say, was by no means a creditable episode. The garrison to be left behind was weak in numbers and in heart; but the officers of the regiments embarked managed to carry off two hundred men that did not belong to them, furnishing them with disguises for the purpose. Further the senior colonel, not content with this, informed the chiefs of the garrison that he had private instructions to acquaint them withal, "that there were 10,000 men shipped somewhere, designed for Dunkirk," a piece of chaff that the poor men confessed that they "had not skill to understand."

And here we take leave of the six thousand, the immortal six thousand as they were termed in the

admiring language of their own day. In a sense they deserve immortality, could any one give it them, for making so creditable a beginning for the Redcoats on the Continent. The garrison too has a claim to be remembered as the first English troops that were ever quartered in barracks, the Spaniards having left some ready built in Dunkirk. But for the most part the memory of their achievements has passed away. The famous Protectorate Army was disbanded in October 1660 and two years later Dunkirk was sold to the French; so that men could feel little pleasure in recalling the names either of the one or the other. Lastly the lapse of another fifty years saw another and more famous army in Flanders, that which is bound up with the immortal names of John Duke of Marlborough, Captain Tobias Shandy, and Corporal Trim.

J. W. FORTESCUE.

NOTE.—The pamphlet, *A Relation of Sir Thomas Morgan's Progress in France*, is said in the advertisement to have been drawn up by Morgan himself at a friend's desire, and to have been confirmed by him paragraph by paragraph when read over to him. Originally designed for publication in James the Second's reign, it was held over for obvious reasons, and printed in 1698 in refutation of Bussy Rabutin's *Memoirs* (1696) and the *Memoirs* of Ludlow. Some of the interviews therein recounted between Turenne and Morgan, and the excessive partiality shown for the English require that portions of it should be received with caution; but on the other hand the account of the capture of St. Venant is borne out by the contemporary relations in the newspapers, and the broad lines of the action at Dunkirk are confirmed by Lockhart's letters, Bussy Rabutin, and other authorities. Hence I have not hesitated to follow it in the details of actual fighting.

## THE FATHERS OF OPÉRA COMIQUE.

In their *opéra comique* the French have a creation peculiar to and typical of themselves. It more vividly reflects them as a nation than any effort, or combined efforts, of either poetry, painting, or prose. It is a creation exclusively their own; a creation, because it is something more than a mere form of art. Take it which way we will, as a musical mirror characteristically and historically reflective, as a distinct species of drama, or as music for its own sake, it is unique and it is charming.

The Frenchman is proud of his *opéra comique*, not that that is to any great extent indicative of its artistic value, for he is apt to be fond of many things intrinsically of little worth; still he recognises it as the truest artistic expression of his nationality, and he regards it almost as a chattel, as an asset, though one upon which he would be loth to realise. He does not so regard the grand opera. There, it is the building that for the most part appeals to him. It is the finest opera-house in the world; he knows that well. And because all must admit that it is so, it matters not how far, if at all, the spirit of *chauvinism* directs his praise. But he knows full well also that, as regards the work and its performance, he will lose nothing by he in London, Milan, or St. Petersburg; he may even admit in some respects the possibility of gain. But when he leaves his France he leaves his *opéra comique*. An *opéra comique* written by an alien, and played, say, by English artists, is as unpalatable, nay, as impossible, as a so-called Italian opera written by an Englishman and played by a company of Germans. In a word, the *opéra comique* is French before all else. Rob it of that and you rob it of its life.

Yet strictly speaking it is a grafted growth. For although the *vaudeville* was purely French (deriving its name as it does from the *vauz de Vire*, the valleys of Vire, where were written and sung the songs of one Oliver Basselin, a prolific composer of the fifteenth century), the *opéra comique* only assumes the importance of a distinct class when it distinguishes its identity from that of the *opéra bouffe*. And the establishment of this distinct identity it owes directly to an Italian source.

The *vaudeville* had been the musical and dramatic provender of the French for two centuries before this epoch was reached. In 1700 it passed from the mere song of the street into the topical song, and Rousseau tells us in his *Confessions* that "a complete collection of the *vaudevilles* of the court and of Paris for over fifty years, contains a host of anecdotes which might be sought in vain elsewhere, and supplies a history of France such as no other nation could produce." Then came the *spectacle de la foire*, which obtained, and continued to grow in public favour till the middle of the eighteenth century. The performance was at first extremely primitive. In Paris there were two important fairs; the Foire St. Laurent held in the Faubourg St. Denis, and the Foire St. Germain held in the faubourg of the same name. Of the two the latter was perhaps the more select.

Lully, who through the influence of his friend Mme. de Montespan, had succeeded to the privileges accorded to Perrin and Cambert (the founders of French opera), was in complete control of the Academy. His sway over the grand opera was nothing short of autocratic. He exacted implicit con-

formity to his theories on the part of all composers who sought admittance to the Academy. To the composer whose opera was produced, the rate of payment fixed by Lully was about £4 for the first ten performances, and a further sum of £2 for each of the next twenty performances; after which the work became the property of the Academy. The theatre was open three times a week throughout the year. But the public grew tired of Lully, as they did of the Théâtre Français, and the *foire* became more and more popular. The best authors and musicians began to turn their attention to it. Lesage, Dorneval, Fuselier, and the composer Gilliers, all wrote for the *foires*. The plays they wrote were of the lightest and depended almost entirely upon their humour. A good deal of the performance was improvised; there was absolutely no restraint upon the performers, and the gaiety of the whole thing took a complete hold of the public, who gradually deserted the more serious entertainment, and swore allegiance to the *foire*.

One can imagine the wrath of the despotic Lully at all this. He thundered against the directors of the *foires*, and demanded payment to the Academy of a heavy sum for the privilege of keeping their doors open. More than this, the Academy (that is Lully) forbade the performers to either speak or sing. But their ingenuity would seem to have been well-nigh a match for Lully. Determined not to be beaten, they wrote out their songs on large placards, which the actors carried in their hands on the stage; the violins played away merrily, and the audience, delighted at thus frustrating the plans of the oppressive Academy, joined lustily in the songs. But after the first flush of enthusiasm the fun began to flag somewhat. To make matters worse the infuriated Lully came down upon them with another decree. For the future they were forbidden all save tight-rope dancing. There was no escape from

this, and a speedy capitulation on the part of the manager, Francisque, was the result. In despair he implored forbearance at the hands of the Academy; but Lully was obdurate, and the most he could obtain was permission for a single actor to speak. Here was a riddle for the authors; they were in future to limit their list of characters to one! Francisque appealed to Lesage and Fuselier in turn, but each confessed his impotence. As a last resource the manager sought Alexis Piron, a man of whom he had heard great things, but who as yet remained unproven. With a substantial inducement in the shape of one hundred crowns, Francisque implored Piron to help him. Piron took the hundred crowns and in two days was ready with his play. Here is something about it from the pen of Mr. Walter Besant, who is evidently a fervent admirer of this Frenchman: "In the midst of a fearful tempest,—the water and winds roaring by means of trumpets and violins—Arlequin Deucalion is seen floating on a barrel. Among all his terrors one thought alone consoles him, that the contents of the cask will be his when he gets to dry land. They do become his; but they are nothing else than a collection of all human vanities. He is visited by Thalia, by Momus under the guise of Polichinelle, and the play goes on merrily, Deucalion being the only speaker. . . . There was a brilliant success, the reputation of Piron was established, and the *opéra comique*, passing through the first stage of doubt and hesitancy, sprang at once into full growth, the mocking wayward spirit of merriment which she has ever since shown herself. The real inventor of the *opéra comique* was Alexis Piron." This is going too far; and I am inclined to think, from further perusal of Mr. Besant's admirable article, that he, in common with many others, confuses the French *opéra comique* with their *opéra bouffe* and our comic opera. Piron was undoubtedly invaluable in coming to the

rescue as he did ; but in no sense can he be termed the inventor of the *opéra comique*.

The discussion on the relative merits of French and Italian music, so hot at the beginning of the century, had for the moment subsided. From 1714 to 1743 the progress was little or nothing. The *foires* struggled hard for life, and continued their chequered career until 1745, when they were forced to succumb.

So far the development of *opéra comique* had been slow, though the march of time had not been without its effect on the more serious opera. Here love as a motive began to be essential in the *libretti*. Love reigned supreme in every art. Even the Gobelins, that had formerly represented nought but Biblical subjects, substituted for them Boucher's Anacreontic conceptions. On porcelain, on canvas, in embroideries, everywhere was love. But not until 1746 do we get any further with the *opéra comique*. Then it was that the Italian influence exerted itself. The Théâtre de la Foire had been rebuilt in the meantime by Jean Monnet, and in this year it was taken by a company of Italian comedians, who came to Paris bringing with them a score of their countryman Pergolesi, entitled *La Serva Padrona*. The theatre became identified with them, and, for long after was known as the Italian theatre. The success of *La Serva Padrona* was emphatic and immediate. It had been written and produced in Naples in 1731, and was termed an *intermezzo* in two acts. No work ever exercised greater influence on its contemporaries, and it formed the germ of French *opéra comique* as we know it to-day. All Paris flocked to *La Serva Padrona*, recognising that it heralded a new departure. It appealed to musicians most strongly, and the spirit of emulation was rife in the town.

Not long after its production at the Comédie Italienne, *La Serva Padrona* was put on at the Opéra. Nothing

could so strongly have shown the hold it had taken upon friends and enemies alike. The idea of the work of a foreigner, of a mere buffoon, desecrating the boards of the Academy proved an uncomfortable one for many, and something like a free fight ensued in the press. This was dignified with the name of the *querelle des bouffons*, the *bouffons* being, of course, the Italians.

Jean Jacques Rousseau was in the thick of the fray. Some idea of his energy can be obtained from the fact that he published no less than sixty pamphlets on the subject. More than this, he very shortly appeared as the author and composer of *Le Devin du Village*, an *intermezzo* on the same lines as *La Serva Padrona*. But the credit of having written the first French *opéra comique* must belong to Antoine Dauvergne. He was a violin-player at the Opéra, and his *Les Troqueurs* was little less successful than had been Pergolesi's work. He retained the spoken dialogue as Pergolesi had done,—a characteristic which has since become a leading feature of the form. I do not propose here to consider Rousseau either in the capacity of composer or critic of music. We know that the authenticity of *Le Devin du Village* was challenged, that Jean Jacques was accused of common theft, and of having no knowledge of the rudiments of musical technique. This last charge, I think, stands in a measure refuted by the mere fact that he had come to Paris in 1742 for the purpose of putting forward a new notation of which he was the inventor. The central idea consisted, I believe, in the substitution of numerals for the usual signs employed ; but he was never able to persuade the Academy to take any interest in his invention. Touching *Le Devin du Village*, the story goes that it was the work of a musician named Granet, who had been in correspondence with Rousseau concerning the *libretto* of an opera which the latter was to supply. Granet is said to have composed the

music and to have directed it to *Mons. Rousseau, homme des lettres, demeurant à Paris*, decidedly a vague address, seeing that there were at that time several literary men of the name in Paris. The parcel is supposed to have fallen into the hands of one Pierre Rousseau. This gentleman, though he knew that the packet could not have been intended for him, not only read it but showed it to a *Mons. Bellissent*, also a musician. Having satisfied his curiosity he returned it to the postal authorities, and in time it duly reached its rightful owner. Had the opera shared the fate of its two companions, *Les Muses Galantes* and *Pygmalion*, nothing probably would have been heard of all this. But it was quite successful enough to set alight the train of gossip, if not of slander. *M. Bellissent* related what he knew of the matter, and *M. Pierre Rousseau* wrote a full account of the whole affair in the *Journal Encyclopédique* for December 1752. *Jean Jacques* indignantly refuted the accusations made against him, and to prove his ability re-wrote the whole of the work; a rather disastrous proceeding as it proved, for the later version did not bear comparison with the earlier. The story as it stands is neither creditable nor credible; I give it merely for what it is worth.

At this time *opéra comique* was still in swaddling clothes; it was, so to speak, a denationalised infant. But *Jean Monnet* was no blockhead, and was quite prepared to treat it as such, to foster and to tend its growth, until it stood before him a sturdy stripling. When he had taken *Vadé's libretto* of *Les Troqueurs* to *Dauvergne*, he had had no notion of producing it as the opera of a Frenchman. He knew that the time was not yet ripe for that, the prejudice in favour of the Italians being still too strong. So that when on the 30th of July, 1753, *Les Troqueurs* saw the light at *Monnet's* theatre it was left to the public to supply the names of the authors.

This work of *Dauvergne's*, together

with *Rousseau's Devin du Village* and *Les deux Chasseurs*, a charming little score of a Neapolitan master named *Duni*, formed a nucleus that was to receive in the near future important additions from three musicians, *Philidor*, *Grétry*, and *Monsigny*. It were impossible to say who of these three was greatest. The most we can do is to bracket *Grétry* and *Monsigny*, and that merely because their affinities were similar, not because in any way they were superior as composers. *Philidor* (*François André Danican*, to distinguish him from the other members of his family, of whom there were thirteen and all musicians) possessed perhaps greater originality of thought for his time, and was undoubtedly more technically accomplished than either of his distinguished contemporaries. On the other hand he lacked that dramatic sense which is so finely apparent in *Grétry's* work, and also the exquisite gaiety and delicate sentiment of *Monsigny*. But in the matters of harmony and instrumentation *Philidor* is unsurpassed in the *opéra comique* of his time. He was to a great extent in sympathy with *Rameau*, as is shown most forcibly in his grand opera *Ernelinde*, which was produced in 1767, a score remarkable for its virility. To the *Comique* his chief contributions were, first, *Blaise le Savetier*, which was brilliantly successful in 1759, *L'Huitre et les Plaideurs* in the same year, *Le Sorcier* in 1764, *Tom Jones* in the following year, and *Zemire et Melide* produced before the Court at *Fontainebleau* in 1773. The reason that before all others seems to account for the neglect into which his work subsequently fell, lies in his somewhat unfortunate choice of *libretti*. *Sedaine*, who wrote so much then, was not in the least suited to *Philidor*; whereas his collaboration with *Grétry* and *Monsigny* was attended with most perfect results. *Philidor's* passion for chess (he was one of the greatest players of his age, and for years made it his means of livelihood,) undoubtedly

shows itself in the face of his compositions, which are as a rule thoughtful rather than inspired.

Monsigny, the French Sacchini as he was called, was on the other hand a melodist before all else. His technical attainments were of the most perfunctory description, and there is little doubt that his inspiration was really of a much higher order than his works would cause one to believe. But because he had no correspondingly adequate power of expression, he covered before it. He was by no means prolific. He came of a noble family and seems to have been well educated in everything save music. His father died just as the boy had finished his classical education, and wishing to be of assistance to his family, who were not well off, Monsigny went to Paris in 1749 and obtained a clerkship. He afterwards, through the social influence of his family, became attached to the household of the Duke of Orleans. Only on the appearance of *La Serva Padrona* does he appear to have seriously commenced the study of composition. But after some five months' work with Gianotti of the Opéra, he placed before his master his first *opéra comique*. He composed unremittingly up till 1777, when he retired, some say from fear of being surpassed by Grétry, whom he finally succeeded at the Institut. Of all his works *Le Déserteur* is most typical of the true *opéra comique*. With Grétry's *Richard-cœur-de-Lion* (its junior by sixteen years), it may be said to have musically dominated the latter part of the eighteenth century. Both works possess the excellences with but few of the frailties of their time. Granted that Sedaine founds the whole of his work on a pleasantry to which the poor Alexis is subjected by the family of his affianced bride, and which makes of him a deserter, granted that a deal of it is in doubtful taste, the opera still remains absolutely charming. Nothing is forced, neither the more tender sentiment

nor the spirit of gaiety; the one is as affecting as the other is contagious. The air "Je vais la voir" and the *duo* are perfect masterpieces in their way. In the second and third acts we have evidence of an exact dramatic sense on the part of the musician. Even after we have known Georges Bizet, the musical characterisation of *Le Déserteur* is quite remarkable; when we consider the time at which it was written it is wonderful.

But the sixteen years that intervened between these two operas were not without their influence upon the later work. It is still the self-same form; but the thought is grander, the execution easier. And poor harmonist as Grétry was (they used to say of him at the Paris Conservatoire that you could drive a coach and four betwixt his basses and his first violins), it stands revealed in *Richard-cœur-de-Lion* that his comparative incapacity in this particular direction in no way blinded him to the importance of variety in his harmonic structure. With him the orchestra also comes into more prominent relief. Glance for example at the end of the first act, where it takes unto itself the *chanson* of Saladin; it is not far off symphonic. Again, the chorus visibly participates in the action, witness the *ensemble* of the soldiers in the second act. And the supplicating theme of Blondel that permeates it, is not almost a premonition of Leporello's phrase in the sextet in *Don Juan*? And while the atmosphere of the work is well defined and consistent (it is the first *opéra comique* in which we get such a thing) its several musical types stand out in clear relief, one from another. The note that rings so true is that of chivalry. And yet the whole is poetically sad; at times it is almost austere. There is hardly any reference to love; but in place of it we have a host of old-world memories, of historical associations which, endeared by tradition, have wound themselves into the hearts of the people. One gets but a glimpse of



the Countess Marguerite; while the intrigue of the Governor and Laurette is little more than an excuse for the exquisite air "Je crains de lui parler la nuit." The lovely "O Richard, ô mon Roi!" is nothing but a veritable *leitmotiv*; permeating the whole score, now plaintive, now consolatory, it appears and reappears spreading its colour over all, until it becomes in actual fact as powerful a motive as it is possible to have. As the sentimental, or perhaps I should say, the psychological expression varies, so does the form of this essential motive. Its manner of use varies little at all in principle from that of Richard Wagner. Nor is it here alone that the old-fashioned Grétry is at one with the master of Bayreuth. Here is what he says in his *Essays*: "I should like the theatre to be small, containing at the most a thousand persons, and to have but one kind of seat throughout,—no boxes neither large nor small, for they only encourage gossip if nothing more. I should also like the orchestra hidden away so that neither the musicians nor the lights on their desks could be seen by the audience. The effect would be magical."

From the year 1768, when Grétry, inspired in turn by *La Serca Padrona*, produced his first *opéra comique*, *Le Huron*, to the dawn of the nineteenth century, his influence had nought but an elevating tendency upon the form. From among the host that he wrote, *Le Tableau Parlant*, *L'Amant Jaloux*, *Zemire et Azor*, and *L'Epreuve Villageoise*, were the most notable after *Richard-cœur-de-Lion*. Of his other contemporaries who in a lesser degree did likewise, I can here do little more than write their names. Among them Dalayrac, Dezèdes, and Gossec were chief. I write Gossec, for it is thus he is known to most of those who know him at all; but since the production by M. Ed. Gregoir, at the Artistic Federation of Brussels in 1875, of the musician's baptismal certificate, it is established beyond a doubt that his correct name was Gossé.

He was practically the creator of the symphony in France, and in that form his compositions were more notable than were his contributions to *opéra comique*. Still, his *Les Pêcheurs, Toinon et Toinette*, and *Berthe*, were all worthy specimens of their kind.

The first year of the nineteenth century saw the collapse of both the *Comédie Italienne*, which had now taken possession of the theatre in the Rue Favart, and of a rival company which in 1791 had established itself in the Rue Feydeau. Neither could survive the competition caused by the existence of the other. Finally they amalgamated, taking possession of the Théâtre Feydeau and remaining there until 1829, when the house, being no longer fit for use, was compulsorily closed. The Salle Favart, which on the amalgamation had been given over to the Italians, still remained in their possession, and the Opéra Comique took up their quarters in the Rue Ventadour. Shortly after this they made yet another move to the Théâtre des Nouveautés in the Place de la Bourse.

The first quarter of this century was a period of transition. The influences at work were once again directed upon the grand opera rather than upon *opéra comique*. Cherubini, Méhul, and Lesueur, were all at the Opéra.

"*Opéra comique* sometimes lies fallow in France, but it will never die," said Blaze-de-Bury, and just at this period it lay fallow. True, Nicolo Isouard (or Nicolo as he elected to be called) was active enough, and his *Joconde*, produced in 1814, may fitly be termed important as heralding a turning-point. Many of our day who know nothing of *Joconde* or of its maker, will not fail to recognise the couplets of its third act:

Et l'on revient toujours  
À ses premiers amours.

With *Joconde opéra comique* acquired fresh vigour. The effect of healthful competition and of rivalry had not a

little to do with this, for François Boieldieu, "the last of the ancients and the first of the moderns" as he has been called, had come upon the scene and threatened in the realm of *opéra comique* to carry all before him. But though his first opera at the Fey-deau (*La Famille Suisse*) was produced there in 1797, it was not until 1825 that he reached the summit of his powers. The work he did in the interim was none the less great for that. *Ma Tante Aurore*, *Le Nouveau Seigneur*, *Jean de Paris*, and the *Petit Chaperon Rouge* were one and all of the finest conception and admirable workmanship. Boieldieu himself with characteristic diffidence thought little enough of them. Fétis tells a story about this: "Boieldieu," he says, "was wont to submit every new piece as he wrote it to the criticism of his pupils at the Conservatoire. When, as was often the case, these young purists took exception to their master's harmonic vagaries, the matter was referred to Méhul, to whose decision, whether favourable or otherwise, the composer meekly submitted." Yet there is no master of his time who can surpass him for harmonic beauty and for wholesale sanity, or can equal him in all those things which we can generically classify as French. M. Chouquet tells another story about him: "After one of the successful performances of the *Calife de Bagdad* (produced the year following *La Famille Suisse*) Cherubini accosted the elated composer in the green-room. 'Malheureux!' he said, 'but are you not ashamed of such undeserved success?' To which Boieldieu's only reply was a request for more instruction at the hands of the master." And it was no empty request; for without further ado he underwent a severe course of contrapuntal study with Cherubini, and although he had hitherto been invariably successful, he produced no opera for three years. When his next work did appear the result stood revealed on the face of it. *Ma Tante Aurore* was a great advance on all that had gone before.

The year 1825 will always remain a red-letter year for *opéra comique*, for it gave birth to *La Dame Blanche*, without doubt the greatest work of this kind in the first half of the century. The first performance was as great a triumph for the composer as it is possible to imagine. Not only was he dragged and re-dragged to face the people on the stage, but they followed him to his home, and, with assuredly the kindest intentions, permitted him no rest for the night. The entire orchestra followed him from the theatre and, we are told, performed most of the music of the opera under his windows. Within, friends, actors, and musicians gathered together in such numbers that Rossini, who lodged on the floor below, was obliged to place his own rooms at their disposal, which he seems to have done with the greatest good grace. He and Boieldieu were perfectly childish in their delight. "Never in this world," declared Rossini, "never could I have written your *scène de la vente*;" and Boieldieu would reply "But have you not written the *finale* of the *Barbier*?"

Truth to tell the works have somewhat in common, be it only profusion of ideas. Rossini's are condensed, Boieldieu's are dispersed, there lies the main difference between them. But undoubtedly the note of romanticism was struck in *La Dame Blanche* for the first time in *opéra comique*. The self-same spirit that brought into being the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Hector Berlioz is here in embryo. Hereafter it was to permeate the *opéra comique* as it permeated all else. For his raw material Scribe of course drew directly upon Sir Walter Scott, bringing both *The Monastery* and *Guy Mannering* into requisition. But there is little that is Scotch about *La Dame Blanche*. It was the sweet melancholy of the story that appealed most strongly to the people of the time. And then, *L'Homère de la bourgeoisie moderne*, as M. Taine was characteristically wont to dub Sir Walter, was in the fashion.

It is the funniest thing in the world to see these old Scotch tunes in their French dress ; for although they are correctly enough transcribed, their harmonic and rhythmic treatment is all other than northern. And here we have for the first time what, for want of a better name, I will term the musical *causerie*. We notice it particularly at the entrance of Dickson in the first act. It is no more the *parlando* of the Italian than it is the dry recitative of the German. It is the self-same thing that Massenet has brought to so perfect a pitch in his *Manon*, a veritable musical comment. The orchestra literally gossips. But undoubtedly the predominating features of the score are its pure sentiment and its irreproachable style. In the latter Boieldieu had no rival ; his was pure style as distinguished from "a style." To emphasise my meaning I will compare him with Rossini. The Italian master is the possessor of a style ; it sometimes grows exaggerated and develops into mannerism ; but Boieldieu's never does. His work is distinguished by its perfect taste, its horror of all extravagance, its refinement, its conduct and restraint. It is all in perfect style ; so exact is every detail, so consummate the structure of *ensemble*, so easy the continuity of thought, and so nice the dramatic sense, that the edict of the hypercritical Teuton ceases to make us wonder. "*La Dame Blanche*," says Hanslick "is the most delicate blossom of the French musical genius. It is the white rose of the *opéra comique*."

Following close on Boieldieu are two musicians who may be said, broadly speaking, to complete the penultimate stage of *opéra comique*. They are Herold and Auber. Cherubini's work seems to me to have essentially more affinity with the German romantic opera than with the French lighter form ; and my aim is rather to follow the typical creation at the hands of its countrymen. Nor should Meyerbeer's influence be overlooked save from this point of view.

Almost simultaneously with *La Dame Blanche*, came Auber's greatest *opéra comique*, *Le Maçon*. Five and six years later respectively we have the two greatest works of Louis Herold, *Zampa* and *Pré aux Clercs*. I cannot for the moment call to mind who it was that wrote "without Weber and without Rossini there would be no Herold," but if there be truth in the statement, then we owe to those two masters one great debt the more. You can feel Rossini at work in the *trio* of the first act of *Zampa*, nor is he absent from that of the second act of *Pré aux Clercs*. But that matters nothing. It makes the Frenchman no whit less original ; and he is never the "harum scarum" that Rossini is at times.

Beside the two works just named, such pieces as *La Rosière* and *Le Lapin Blanc* sink into nothingness. They have their atmosphere, for Herold was before all else a master of colour, just as Boieldieu was a master of style ; but the reserve force first comes to light in its full strength in *Zampa*. Over the whole of *Pré aux Clercs* a certain haunting melancholy prevails. From overture to finale it pervades the score ; Isabelle's air, and the lovely plaint of the queen, "*Je suis prisonnière loin du beau pays*," are both steeped in it. And more than any other of its class is it historically reflective. In grand opera it has its analogy in *The Huguenots*. Mergy is the prototype of Raoul de Nangis ; and no more vivid picture of the French-Italian court of the Valois could be found than that which is in the second act.

Only a month after the production of this, his greatest work, poor Herold died. It was with him as with Georges Bizet. His dying words accentuate, more forcibly than aught else could, the pity of it. "I am going all too soon," he said, "and just as I was beginning to comprehend the stage." During his life, short as it was, he had done much for his art in general, more for *opéra comique* in particular.

From this time on we can trace a marked improvement in the *libretti* of *opéra comique*. The pooriness of the words provided for Grétry and his contemporaries had done much to cramp their efforts; but Scribe and Saint-Georges realised the necessity of providing the composer with a story which should be not only interesting and concise, but in sympathy with his artistic leanings. For Auber there could have been no better man than Scribe, for he was instinctively more *spirituelle* than dramatic. Saint-Georges did for Herold what no man else could have done; he gave him a pure comedy which, while interesting in development and faultless in historical detail, went to form one of those rare collaborations which are completely sympathetic and which never fail to succeed.

In 1843 the Opéra Comique quitted the little Théâtre des Nouveautés for the Salle Favart once more. Here it remained until the fire of 1887. The theatre in the Place Boieldieu thus saw the production of a host of works that carry us well into our own time. The facility and the fecundity of Auber are matters of history. The man was an artistic phenomenon: no musician ever achieved so much by means of so little outside pure inspiration as he did; and he was the magnificent exception of the rule that goes to prove how much rubbish is thus made. Then, what of a man who, at the age of eighty-six, sets about an opera with *Premier Jour de Bonheur* for its title? Life was for him one long summer day, and the reflection of his life is in his music. It is invariably light, frequently trivial; yet it has always some worth. Many said hard things of him; among them Heine, who, speaking of both him and Scribe, declared that both had *esprit*, grace, sentiment, even passion; all that one lacked was music, the other, poetry. Scribe and Auber formed an artistic union which

has been only once equalled, and that in our day by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Gilbert. In either instance it is impossible to conceive the one at his best without the other.

Auber, Halévy, and Meyerbeer brought *opéra comique* down to the time when Gounod was there to take it over. And from *Le Domino Noir* to *Le Médecin malgré lui* is no such great step as at first sight it would seem. Indeed a glance at the latter work will take us even further back. Consider the first *entr'acte* and the serenade; is not the very spirit of Lully there? It is something more than mere retrospect. Rather is it the blending of the old in the new, the rejuvenation of a spirit that will never cease to be, because it has become a national inheritance.

And so are we brought from the primitive old *foire* to face such works as *Philemon et Baucis*, *Mireille*, *Reyer's Statue*, *Ambroise Thomas' Caïd* and *Delibes' Le Roi l'a dit*; until we reach the immortal *Carmen*. There is the true French music! It will never die because it is in the heart of the people. Would that we had a creation we could so well call our own!

As a pure example of the true French type, nothing could be more excellent than one of their very latest productions, the *Madame Chrysanthème* of Pierre Loti and M. Messager. Place beside it the *Werther* of M. Massenet, and there can remain no doubt of the vitality of French musical art to-day. They have yet to surpass *Carmen*, which is not of yesterday nor of to-day, but of all time. As for *Le Rêve*, about which we have heard so much, it is a production that makes us ask with the poet:

Regrettez-vous le temps où nos vieilles  
romances  
Ouvraient leurs ailes d'or vers leur monde  
enchanté?

CHARLES WILLEBY.

## THE TWO DOROTHYS.

PERHAPS there is scarcely any set of circumstances in which a pair of lovers can be more entirely happy than as guests in a quiet country house, where the host and hostess are themselves young enough to enter sympathetically into others' felicity, at the same time regarding it with just the faintest touch of a sort of benignant amusement and kindly superiority, as of persons who have survived the divine disease, and can watch, with something like the impersonal interest of science, the progress of its symptoms in others. Thurstan Old Manor was quite an ideal stage for the production of so charming a comedy; and as spectators and abettors of their two young guests' happiness, Charles and Clara Wentworth, themselves a pair of married lovers if there ever were such, seemed to live over again their own sweetheart-days, which came back into memory with that tinge of exquisite regret without which our pleasures would be crude and untempered.

As these four innocent young people,—the unmarried lovers, Dorothy and Arthur Townsend, and the married ones—returned in the late glow of a summer afternoon from walking to the neighbouring village of Thurstan, and sauntered leisurely homewards across the small park which was Charles Wentworth's sole landed possession, their talk turned for a while on this very theme of the rounded perfectness of their own lot in life.

"Do you know, Arthur," said Dorothy, with a little laugh, "I almost wonder sometimes if ours *can* be true love, its course runs so smooth. We really ought to quarrel about something, or to meet with some temporary misfortune or check, just to throw

happiness into relief a little. It's positively monotonous, this perpetual sunshine without so much as an April shower."

"My dear child," said Clara,—she was a whole year older than Dorothy, and availed herself of the privilege of age in using this maternal mode of speech—"my dear child, I wish you would not talk like that; it gives one an uncanny sort of feeling, as if Fate might perhaps take people at their word."

And unknown to each other they all felt something like a momentary shiver of the mind, none could have told why, and for a single instant a chill flitted across the summer. But the next moment from a neighbouring covert a thrush discoursed of the marvellousness of being alive, and touched their hearts afresh with something of his own rapture. In truth these were fortunate human beings, and perhaps in nothing more so than in their ability to be content upon easy terms; for to persons accustomed to make exorbitant demands for pleasure life at Thurstan would no doubt have been dull enough. Arthur and Dorothy were the only guests: walking and driving through romantic dales and woodlands were their most exciting pleasures; and for the rest, their innocence of the vice of *ennui* was chiefly due to the fact that theirs were souls rich in the subjective material of enjoyment, temperaments which responded genially to the call Nature makes upon all her creatures to be glad of their existence.

The park sloped upwards from the lodge to the house, the latter looking down upon a thickly wooded valley, backed by a long sweep of high moorland with distant peaks beyond. A manor-house only in reminiscence, it

was a picturesque building, though with no pretensions either to size or grandeur, the oldest part dating from the days of the sixth Henry of pious memory, the newest from late Elizabethan times. On reaching home our walking party were far from incapable of dinner, at which meal they were joined by the local doctor, Mr. Ward, a middle-aged gentleman whose beneficent profession always struck people as the merest accident in his life, it seemed to be worn so lightly; an amateur of letters, of whom his friend Wentworth used to say that his forte was poetry and medicine his foible. After dinner, the evening being sultry, they all sat out on the terrace which formed the top of a sort of natural escarpment on the eastward side of the house. The valley below was already folded in shadow, but the windows of a farmhouse, some three miles away, high on the opposite slope, blazed with the dying daylight.

"Sumner's Farm," said Mr. Ward, "is always the last that parleys with the setting sun."

As he spoke the light faded from the lower part of the house and flamed only upon a dormer window that projected from a gray-tiled roof. "I suppose you know, Miss Hope," he went on, "that the local tradition fixes upon that as your namesake Dorothy's window?"

"My namesake? I never heard of her."

"You don't mean to say you know nothing of the one romantic legend of this countryside?"

Dorothy had to confess her ignorance.

"Well, I am all the more surprised," said Mr. Ward, "because the hero of the tragedy lived here, in this very house of yours, Wentworth."

The fact is, Mr. Ward was pre-eminently the antiquarian and legend-hunter of the district, and could have enlightened half the old families in the shire as to the traditions of their own ancestry.

"The story goes," he proceeded to

tell Dorothy, "that a certain lord of the manor of Thurstan some two centuries ago, made love in secret to Dorothy Sumner, the daughter of one of his tenants. The house yonder, where she lived, is still known as Sumner's Farm, though there have been no Sumners within anybody's memory. This squire, however, was short of money, as I believe squires still are sometimes, and so at last he let policy overrule passion, and contracted an alliance with a lady whose wealth was to disembarass his estate. But on the eve of their wedding he was found murdered, and although no trace of the doer of the deed was discoverable, all the country-side believed from the first that the murderer was the forsaken Dorothy. There was nothing, however, that constituted legal evidence against her, nothing but a presumption which amounted to moral certainty, and she lived on in safety for some years, but was at last betrayed by her own sister to whom she had secretly confided the story of her crime. It is also said that before suffering the penalty of death she made a full and detailed confession, and told how the ghost of her lover had haunted her ever afterwards, always appearing at the sound of the curfew. Probably the ghost is a late accretion to the story, an example of the myth-making process. By the by, Thurstan is one of the very few villages where the curfew still tolls the knell of parting day, thanks to a vicar with my own love of the old and —"

"Useless," chimed in Wentworth.

In Dorothy's mind the story evidently took root, a process in which such a mere accident as the coincidence of names may have played its own capricious part. Then, too, she was certainly imaginative to the verge of morbidness, and perhaps indeed her peculiar type of beauty may have denoted a neurotic organisation too tensely strung for perfect equipoise of mind and body. She impressed people as a very lovely and



distinguished-looking girl; yet they were forced to admit that her complexion was a trifle too opalescent, and her blonde hair a shade too pale, either for flawless health or faultless beauty, while her large blue eyes had now and then a certain air of remoteness, as if the soul went forth on some adventure of its own beyond the precincts and environs of the senses.

Mr. Ward and the Wentworths had re-entered the house, leaving the lovers together on the terrace. Night was coming on, but in the splendour of a full moon it seemed only another and more magical phase of day. A great mountainous mass of cloud that lay along the southern horizon was breaking up into fantastic forms, here stretching forth a ghostly arm, there erecting itself into towers and battlements, which again were metamorphosed into couchant beasts or wide-winged birds. The occasional barking of a dog seemed only to emphasise the general silence. The sound came from Sumner's Farm.

"How unreal everything looks," said Dorothy. "If the ghosts of those old-world lovers in the legend were to come gliding across the valley yonder, I think I should feel no surprise."

"By the way, we were not told how she murdered him," observed Arthur.

"No, Mr. Ward forgot to tell us that; or perhaps tradition is at fault there. One would like to know."

Arthur laid his hand with some abruptness upon her arm: "That cloud,—look, Dorothy!"

It could scarcely have been imagination which presented an identical object to the eyes of both. For a single moment the outlines of the cloud certainly bore a wonderful likeness to the figure of a woman standing with a knife or a dagger over the prostrate form of a man.

"Let us go into the house, dear," said Dorothy, and her lover was conscious of a shudder in her arm.

They rejoined their friends in the

old-fashioned drawing-room. "My dear child," said Clara Wentworth, "I think you must have over-walked yourself to-day; you don't look well at all. Charles and I ought to have remembered that we were more practised pedestrians than you. Go to bed, dear." And the two friends kissed and said good-night.

The next morning, when they all met at breakfast, Dorothy looked like her usual self, but her friends, believing that she had been over-tired by the previous day's walk, commenced arranging a drive which should enable her and Arthur to see more of the wilder hill-country which lay north-westward. They also took measures to ascertain whether Mr. Ward happened to have any patients importunately clamouring for his tender care, and if not, they proposed to seduce him into joining them in their excursion, to the end that scenery might be tempered with archaeology, and archaeology kindled into poetry. Perhaps owing in part to the comparative propinquity of another medicine-man (not more than five miles away), perhaps in part to the preposterous and inordinate salubrity of the district, Mr. Ward always seemed to enjoy an amplitude of leisure, and it was generally observed that his practice lay lightly upon him. But before the servant had time to deliver the message to the man of science, the whole agreeable project was unavoidably dashed by Arthur Townsend, who found, on opening a letter, that his own presence was somewhat urgently required at a certain manufacturing town in the adjacent county, on business connected with some property of his in that shire, and involving two days' absence from Thurstan. Arthur made no attempt to disguise his annoyance, for the morning promised an ideal day for the intended jaunt, and the alternative of a railway journey to a grimy industrial centre was particularly unalluring. Devotion to irksome duties was perhaps not the salient feature of

his character, and after a little vacillation he rather petulantly announced his intention of letting business take care of itself, at least until the following day. Dorothy, however, saw that if he shirked what was really a necessary though tiresome journey, such neglect of his own affairs would in a sense lie at her door, being due chiefly to his reluctance to forego her companionship even temporarily; so she urged him strongly to undertake the journey, and in the end overcame his disinclination and persuaded him, though obviously against his will, to go. The programme of pleasure was therefore shelved, and after Arthur's departure Dorothy obtained the use of her host's dogcart, and drove over to Sumner's Farm where she spent the day in making sketches of the home of her legendary namesake of tragic memory. In returning, something seemed to strike her as picturesque in the surroundings of an old disused well, said to be of extraordinary depth, and she made a rough drawing or pencil-memorandum of the spot, and humoured her fancy by writing in the margin of the sketch, "The well where Dorothy Sumner hid the knife."

So the day passed in a kind of agreeable melancholy, filled with thoughts of the "old, unhappy, far-off things" with which both the farm and the manor-house were traditionally associated. The heat had been great all the afternoon, and in the evening a thunderstorm broke over the district, followed during the night by deluges of rain. Next morning one of Wentworth's servants brought the news that a certain decrepit old rustic bridge spanning a stream that flowed through his land had been carried away by the freshet, and Wentworth was about to walk over to the place, but meanwhile lingered a few minutes, looking over his wife's shoulder at Dorothy's sketches, while the fair artist herself glanced rather listlessly at the morning newspaper which had

just arrived. Presently she gave a start of alarm, but the others were standing with their backs towards her, and were unaware of anything unusual in her demeanour until in another moment she uttered a terrible shriek and fell swooning on the floor.

All possible attention was at once given to her, and after recourse to the most obvious means for her restoration, Wentworth's next thought was to look at the newspaper, which had dropped from her hands at the moment when she lost consciousness. He ran an eye rapidly over the principal headings: "Plot to murder the Czar"—"Mr. Gladstone on Ostrich-Farming"—"Death of an eminent Pugilist"—"Fearful Railway Collision." The last paragraph gave details of a disaster which had happened on the line over which Dorothy's lover was to have travelled on the previous day, and in the list of the killed was the name of Arthur Townsend.

Now if Dorothy herself could have read the paragraph with that carefulness which her excitement and dread made impossible, she would have seen that the accident befell a later train than that by which her lover was to have travelled; and if she had read half a dozen words further she would likewise have discovered that the Arthur Townsend whose death was reported was of an entirely different address from that of her absent lover. But presumably the name and nothing more had arrested her eye, with the result which might have been predicted.

Mr. Ward had been sent for and was quickly in attendance. Dorothy had meanwhile regained consciousness, but before seeing her the doctor had a hurried conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth. He agreed with them in thinking it highly improbable that the Arthur Townsend whose name was among the killed could be their friend, but still there was an agitating element of uncertainty in the matter. Nor was the question of Arthur's

safety the sole cause of disquietude, for since recovering from the swoon Dorothy had spoken, when at all, with a strange irrelevance, not to say incoherence, which had alarmed her friends greatly. She had now been left alone for a few moments, and the doctor found her walking up and down the terrace with her hands clasped behind her.

"My dear young lady," he began, "first of all, set your mind quite at rest about Arthur. I have no doubt whatever you will have him back this evening safe and sound. The accident did not happen to his train at all; and besides, the Arthur Townsend mentioned in the paper was of a totally different address, and belonged to another part of the country. It was the merest coincidence of names, nothing more. Such things are always happening. Only last week I saw in the newspaper that a gentleman of precisely the same name as myself had got into trouble through stealing his neighbour's asparagus. Now, you know, that's a crime of such a trivial and unambitious character as I couldn't possibly stoop to,—at least, not without profound loss of self-respect."

Dorothy continued slowly to pace the terrace-walk, and appeared to pay no heed to what was said. Indeed it seemed doubtful if she were conscious of being addressed. He made another attempt to win her attention, but presently found that she herself was uttering her own thoughts aloud, apparently in perfect oblivion of his presence. He sat down upon the low stone parapet, and resigned himself to the passive part of watching and listening.

"That he should owe his death to me!" she murmured; "to me who loved him so,—to me whom he loved!"

The doctor grasped the situation. Arthur had been persuaded by Dorothy, against his own will, to perform the journey of the previous day. Assuming him killed, therefore, she had in a certain remote and accidental sense been instrumental to his death.

Hence her words, and the morbid conception of her own moral responsibility which they seemed to imply. He intercepted her walk. "Miss Hope,—I tell you he is alive! We have no earthly reason to believe him other than alive and well at this moment."

She did not even seem to hear. He took hold of her arm as she was about to walk past him. The physical contact did at least arouse her attention. She looked angrily at him, as if she had sustained an indignity. But in another moment the look had left her features, and she resumed her walk, breaking again into disjointed fragments of soliloquy.

The doctor felt powerless. He had no experience of ministering to minds diseased, and, besides, he felt doubly paralysed by the spectacle of a mind which seemed involuntarily to close itself against all normal impressions from without, so that the very media of communication were cut off. He entered the house, and suggested to Mrs. Wentworth that she should try her influence with the distraught girl. Clara went at once to Dorothy, who put her arm round her friend's waist and kissed her affectionately.

"I was sure you would know me, sweet," said Clara, appearing relieved by the thought that she, at least, was recognised. But the next moment her hopeful conclusions were dashed.

"Know you?" answered Dorothy "Know my own sister? Well, yes, dear, I should think so; but what an odd thing for you to say."

Dorothy had no sister, and the utter alienation of her mind was piteously manifest. Clara tried another experiment. "My darling," she murmured in her friend's ear, "he will soon be back again, your own true lover. We know he will be here this evening; we are certain of it."

"Why, of course he will," returned Dorothy, quite simply; "he always comes when the curfew is tolled." Presently she suggested a walk, and Clara yielding at once to this proposal, they went down through

the park together, each with an arm round the other's waist, like a pair of loving children. In this fashion they reached the lodge and passed out through the gates, when Dorothy, releasing Clara from her arm, turned to her with a strange and quite new expression in her eyes, saying in a whisper: "Come a little further, dear,—not far,—I want to tell you a secret,"—her voice became almost inaudible—"a dreadful secret." She led the way some little distance along a lane in the direction of Sumner's Farm, till they came to the old disused well she had sketched the day before. "Sister," she whispered, with white lips, and in a growing frenzy of excitement, "can you guess what is *there*—there at the bottom of the well?—Can you keep the secret?—Down, deep down there—out of sight of all the world till the Judgment Day! There it is,—the knife I killed him with that night. It was my mad jealousy and fury,—and I loved him all the while, and he loved me. He never really loved the other woman, the rich lady—and down, down there it lies, with the rust of all these years upon it.—Oh the dreadful years! But no one will ever search the old well, will they? No one will ever know, unless *you* should betray me, sister. But you will *not* betray me, sister dear, will you?—Say you will not, swear you will not,"—and Clara, to ease the poor girl's wild agitation, had no choice but to enter into the spirit of her fantasy and vow to keep the secret. At present it was clearly useless to combat her delusion.

At the doctor's suggestion an eminent London specialist in mental maladies was communicated with, and meanwhile Mr. Ward himself remained at the house, being resolved to lose no opportunity of studying the case. He had a tender heart, and his solicitude was equally that of the physician and the friend; as yet, however, he had recognised nothing beyond the elementary fact that a terrible nervous shock had unsettled

the young woman's reason; he was entirely in the dark as to the particular direction her mania was taking, and the special causes determining that direction. But on hearing Clara's story of the walk to the well, and the strange and wild things Dorothy had said, a ray of light flashed upon him.

He took Wentworth aside, and spoke with the precision which strongly animated interest imparted to his speech, accentuating and, as it were, punctuating his phrases by sharply striking the forefinger of the right hand upon the open palm of the left. "Now," he said, "I apprehend the situation. First of all, mark you, her mind gives way under the tremendous shock of suddenly believing Arthur killed, and killed indirectly *through her agency*. This conviction,—the conviction that his death is in a manner due to her—presently assumes a more express and definite shape; it develops into a belief that she has actually and literally killed him. You perceive?"

"I see that, of course," replied Wentworth, "though the cause of such a specific delusion remains a mystery."

"Not in the least, my dear fellow," rejoined the doctor. "The cause is simple; the cause is the legend of Dorothy Sumner of Sumner's Farm. Starting with the initial assumption that Arthur's death is traceable to her own action in having persuaded him to a fatal journey, she proceeds to assimilate in imagination the experiences of the girl who did really kill her lover. Dorothy Sumner's identity is thus fused with her own, and gradually usurps the place of her own, supersedes her own, and she becomes in imagination the other girl. Of course the process is doubtless accomplished by occult psychic stages which we cannot follow. There's a certain logical consistency in such madness, and accordingly her imagination proceeds to adapt and modify her general surroundings into conformity

with the central delusion, involuntarily rejecting or ignoring everything that does not fit in. Thus your wife becomes her sister, the girl in the legend having had a sister. As for myself,—well, there is nobody in the story with whom I can be identified; I am superfluous, irrelevant; I am outside the action, and am consequently relegated to a sort of limbo of the brain, in which my very existence is passed over. You will probably be dismissed in like manner from her sphere of cognisance."

"And how about Arthur when he returns this evening?" asked Wentworth.

"Ah," replied the doctor, "that is precisely the crucial test of my view. If my view be right, then Arthur's place in what one may call the economy of her hallucination is the supremely important one; that of the murdered squire, her hypothetical lover. The practical question with me is,—ought we to let him see her? For he is at the basis of the whole structure of her illusion. Through him her hallucination hangs together; he completes her mania."

The day passed without any noticeably fresh development of Dorothy Hope's fantasy, though everything tended to confirm (if such confirmation were needed) the doctor's view. To say that everyone except Clara passed unrecognised by Dorothy, would be to understate the case; everyone except Clara was simply ignored. And in spite of herself Clara had no alternative but to foster her friend's delusion; intercourse, companionship, conversation of any kind were simply impossible on any other terms. Attempts to recall Dorothy's mind to the actual facts of her surroundings produced in her at first a kind of bewilderment, which presently (if the attempts to disillusionise her were persisted in) gave place to an irritable impatience or even anger, as if she supposed herself the butt of a stupid practical jest, and resented such inane trifling. At meals she showed little disposition to

eat, but did not positively refuse food; and at other times she seemed to prefer walking in the park, or resting on the terrace and watching the play of light and shadow on the surface of the deep woods in the valley below.

The terrace was on another side of the house than the one which was approached by the drive from the lodge, and she and Clara, sitting there together about sundown, were at first unaware of the return of Arthur Townsend, who had not even heard of the railway accident until his arrival in Thurstan village. He was met in the hall by Wentworth and the doctor, who briefly told him the unhappy tidings of Dorothy's aberration. He was for seeing her at once, but Ward interposed with doubts as to the wisdom of this step. The good doctor, however, made no attempt to disguise the purely tentative nature of his own judgment, and was overborne by the precipitancy of the lover, whose alarm was perhaps tempered by some faith in the efficacy of his own tangible presence for restoring Dorothy to her right mind. He hastened to the terrace where she was sitting. As they met, the sound of the curfew floated to them from Thurstan church-tower.

He was about to greet her lover-like with a kiss, and to put his arms tenderly round her, when something utterly strange, foreign, and unforeseen in her look and air arrested him abruptly, as though he stood held at arm's length by some unintelligible force, imperative, despotic, irresistible. Her complexion was ashen in its pallor, and a visible tremor passed over her frame. Then her lips parted, and uttered falteringly, almost in a whisper, the one word, "Beloved!"

He started. He had not heard this voice before.

She spoke again, slowly, with curiously measured intonation, with uncolloquial solemnity of phrase and accent, such as might have befitted some conscious heroine of tragedy. "Why do you start, beloved?" she



asked. "Is it wonderful that I am white and tremulous, as like a ghost as thou art? How should I ever meet thee without something of the old awe and fear, my beloved? And thy silence, too, is strange and full of dread. Oh, speak to me, speak to me, —tell me again, assure me for the thousandth time, that I am forgiven!" She knelt at his feet in a convulsive agony of supplication.

From perfect dismay he was powerless to act or speak. Nor was this all. Given the necessary conditions of emotional excitement and tension, there is a certain psychic contagion in anyone's absolute belief in a thing; and her absolute belief in his incorporeal character positively affected him with a sensation of becoming unreal, spectral in his own eyes. Partly to recover a feeling of his own actuality, he spoke, though of *what* he spoke he was scarcely conscious. "Come away from here, dearest," he said. He did not in the least know why he said it, and in his own hearing his voice seemed curiously unrelated to him, as if it acted independently on its own promptings. Without a word they descended a flight of stone steps, reminiscent of the feet of phantasmal generations, and passed onward in the twilight through the park among the ghostly trees.

The moon was rising large and ruddy over the woods. Obeying some blind impulse the two figures went their way mostly in silence. When she spoke at all, her fantastic words seemed only to remove her more and more to a spiritual distance. He began to feel that he did not know this woman. Was she some strange beautiful illusion walking at his side? He was fascinated, dominated, enthralled, by the tyranny of her misconceiving fancy, and under the necessity of accepting, if but tacitly, the part her insanity assigned to him, he was losing all recognition of himself.

They quitted the park and went down by a steep foot-path to where

the river flowed through woods that towered from both its banks. As if beckoned or led by some occult influence, they walked on till they came to a place of wonderful beauty, where the stream, though at all times of considerable volume, so narrowed and deepened itself between rocks that a fairly athletic man could have sprung across. Foxleap the place was commonly called, the word having possibly meant fairies' or little folk's leap; and the whole scene scarce needed the wizardry of moonlight to touch it with enchantment. The two human figures stood silent.

Then a paroxysm of madness came upon her. She flung herself prone upon her face at his feet. "Tell me again," she sobbed, "that you never loved her,—that other woman—that you have loved any but me! Tell me again, beloved!" A long tress of her coiled hair had somehow escaped its confines and lay along her back as she grovelled before him.

Summoning all his latent energy of will, he made a desperate effort to break down her delusion, and wrench himself free from the insidious infection of it which had crept over him. "Dorothy,"—he almost gasped his words—"I am no phantom! Look at me, darling,—do you not know me?—me, Arthur, your plighted, faithful lover—alive, real, your own, now and always, unchanged——"

She broke into a peal of laughter which struck him dumb with horror. It was the melodious laughter of pure mirth, and therein somehow lay its peculiar and extreme ghastliness; and the next moment echo sent it back to them, grotesquely caricatured into impish cachinnations from far within the hollow woods. Then a solitary owl began whooping away up stream somewhere, and in listening to the sound she seemed in an instant to forget what had passed. And now she appeared quite abstracted, like one lost in reverie, as she watched the swift silent sweep and beautiful curve

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of the water, arching itself into a crescent over some hidden ridge or boulder, then shooting through the narrow cleft.

"My poor darling," said the other, "I am going back; come!"

She was once more white and tremulous. "Ah, beloved," she cried, "do not mock me! Whither thou goest, I cannot go. But do not leave me yet! It is so lonely waiting for you through the long hours, the empty worthless hours, till the bell tolls you to me again. Then all day long my mind wanders back,—back seven years,—back to that night,—and the sky grows red above me again like blood,—and sometimes I think they will find it even yet, in the well yonder; they say such things are sure to be brought to light some time. Oh, why cannot I too be a disembodied spirit; then we might be together always, and eternity would be one long sweet day of love. Why cannot it be so? Why should it not?"

Before he had realised her intention she leaped into the rushing stream. He plunged after her, and could have rescued her easily in tranquil waters, for he was a strong swimmer; but the river, always rapid and vehement at this point, was now doubly so by reason of the last night's rain, and it rushed with precipitate fury through its narrow channel, whirling both their bodies helplessly along. It chanced that a hawthorn, growing upon what at ordinary times was the left bank, was now partly submerged by the swollen stream, which was comparatively slack at that place; and, as Dorothy was being swept past it, the single loose tress of her hair was caught on the brambles, and she was held fast. Arthur however was carried some distance further down before he found it possible to clutch the bank and effect a landing; but this being accomplished he rushed back to where Dorothy was suspended in the stream, and without much difficulty drew her ashore. Scarce

knowing whether she were alive or dead, he carried her to a cottage not far away, and there all available means of restoration were essayed; but for a long while—to Arthur it seemed ages—the conflict between life and death hung in doubtful issue. At last, however, she opened her eyes and gazed blankly around. Arthur felt a wild thrill of joy as he bent to kiss her pale lips, yet there was an element of dread in his delight. She had indeed come back to life, but was she only restored to that unnatural, unhappy travesty of herself which had been usurping the place of her true nature? It was a moment, for him, of transcendent suspense, but the crisis of emotion was passed when her lips moved, and she said in her own natural voice, though faintly, the one word,—“Arthur!”

That night Mr. Ward sat till far beyond the witching hour in earnest talk with Arthur and Wentworth at Thurstan Old Manor. There was ever and anon a momentary thickening in his articulation, and an un-masculine humidity about his eyes, but he struggled heroically to hide these symptoms by taking infinite pains to appear prosaic and matter of fact and unsympathetic to the verge of positive callousness. “I call this,” he remarked, “a most interesting case, as tending to demonstrate that the normal equilibrium of mind which one terrific nervous shock can disturb, a second equally tremendous experience, like that undergone by any one snatched from imminent death, may restore. Such a case has never before come under my direct observation, and I really think a careful study of it ought to yield results most valuable to mental pathology.”

Arthur Townsend's view of the matter was less loftily scientific; and perhaps indeed his interest was more in the patient than in the case.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## A YOUNG MURDERER.

PERHAPS it may be of some use to psychologists; I will try to face the recollection.

When quite a little boy, barely seven and below my mother's shoulder, I had the misfortune to commit a murder. Would I could forget the smallest detail of what I thought and felt that day! We were playing in a large garden, my brother and I, shut off from the world by an old red wall and tall elms. We quarrelled over marbles. I thought he had cheated me of one, and tried to regain it by force. He beat me off; I attacked again; he ran; I pursued; we found ourselves in the dining-room, the table laid for lunch; he dodged me round the table; then (I was in a whirlwind of passion), unable to catch him, I snatched up the nearest knives and forks (one was a carving-knife) and opened fire. Crash went the big mirror over the sideboard, starred to the four corners! Enter the housemaid and governess in screams; I hurled the last knife within reach; my brother vanished under the table. Before I knew more, my arms were gripped. They locked me into the bathroom for safety.

"Oh! you wicked, wicked boy!" cried the governess as she delivered me into prison. "You are a *murderer*! You have *killed* your brother!"

I kicked at her shins; then, as the door closed, at its panels. After a while, my toes becoming sore and my pulse calmer, I bit my thumb, and mused. Forgive my levity; a child's soul is a light thing.

What had the beast said; 'Killed your brother?' Then John must be,—must be,—a *corpse*! Serve him right, the cad! He wouldn't steal my tors again. For a whole minute I glowed with triumph.

But a murderer; had not she called me that? That meant Cain (we had read the fourth chapter of Genesis on the previous Sunday), of whom even my mother spoke unkindly. My eyes expanded a little, and (oh agonising thought!) in terror I lifted both hands to my forehead to feel for the mark.

My forehead was burning. I looked round wildly for a looking-glass; there was none in the room. The rest of my body began to shiver at the horror of that image, of a mark glowing on my forehead (like the one at the tip of cook's nose perhaps) for the rest of my life. And my hair had been cropped only a fortnight ago, reduced for the first time from curls to manly shortness; it would be impossible to conceal anything now, unless I wore my hat well down over my eyes. But in church? The world for a looking-glass! I renewed my howls. Cook, a tender soul, crept to the door.

"What do you want, dear,—I mean, you naughty boy?" whispered she through the keyhole.

"I want—" Something stopped me from saying "a looking-glass." We, John and I, had always despised the use of that article as altogether below the estate of manhood. Irrationally enough, the thought of John's contempt checked me now. "I want to get out," I bellowed.

Cook was under surveillance; the governess answered me. "You shall not get out till Mr. Toppin comes to fetch you, you wicked, bad child!"

I replied with an oath (the gardener had aimed it at some birds the other day in my hearing) and the two women fled.

It was grave news. Mr. Toppin, who kept a private Academy in our neighbourhood, always moved awe and

wonder in John and me as he stalked up the central aisle of a Sunday and dropped a preliminary prayer into his tall shiny hat. Was he not our future schoolmaster, and the notorious owner of a cane? So the cowards (my father and mother were away travelling) dared not keep me at home! I drew myself up, and reflected that this was natural. After all, I was Cain; Cain was sent away. Where to? Dan, Gath, Beersheba,—no, I had it, on to “the face of the earth.” That, then, was my destination, *vid* Mr. Toppin’s. In so tremendous a prospect the mark was forgotten. Suddenly the door opened. In the gap appeared Mr. Toppin himself, a tall raw-boned Scotsman, his famous cane actually in his hand like a drawn sword. He eyed me in silence. Over his shoulder I could just see the top of the governess’s fuzzy head. “No, no, not here, Mr. Toppin, I do implore!” she was saying. “Take him home to your own house to do it.”

I knew what the man was examining, and whipping out my pocket-handkerchief buried the upper part of my face. I would have given many tors to be buried all over.

“Just come with me, boy,” he said at last in a sepulchral voice.

I did not resist as he laid one hand on my shoulder, but maintained the handkerchief carefully before my forehead. How cook and the housemaid stared as we passed them in the hall. Well, I was Cain; under their eyes I walked sturdily.

At the Academy Mr. Toppin led me up stairs to a far off bedroom, pulled down the blinds (as if the sun might dislike seeing me) then pulled down something else— The first instalment of Cain’s punishment was visited on me over the edge of the bed. My clothes being replaced, Mr. Toppin handed me a small card with a prayer on it, beginning (this part printed red, the rest black) “Holy Father, who knowest the innermost recesses of our hearts.” I do not remember, or rather I never knew the rest; I got

no further than the red part, being but a weak scholar.

“I leave you now,” said Mr. Toppin, whirring at his r’s like the wheels of the governess’s sewing-machine, “to the chastisement of your own conscience. Peruse that bit prayer. Pray that your most grievous transgression may be blotted out. I rejoice to see you in tears. [I was *not* crying, and would have removed the handkerchief to prove it, but for the mark]. May they be the healing dews of repentance.”

He stalked off, locking the door. In the ensuing stillness I worked earnestly at the prayer, and after ten minutes had made out the aforesaid invocation, a fragment which will abide with me to my dying day, and perhaps after. Then, tired of spelling, I tried to *mean* the deciphered words; but here a hitch occurred. I could not *mean* them (such power had custom) without kneeling at a bedside, and that posture was just then associated with business of another kind. No sooner down than I felt the cuts of the cane. For a compromise, I knelt to a chair but with no better success. The pressure of my forehead on my hand revived the idea of the mark. I jumped up to examine myself in a glass.

There was a large one on the dressing-table. On tiptoe, pressing so close as to cloud its surface, I inspected my forehead. No mark on it, not a vestige of one! But the blinds were down, the light might be insufficient. Dare I pull them up? Suppose Mr. Toppin should hear. At any risk my mind must be set at rest; I pulled them up; still no mark! Could it be on some other part of the body? The Bible said (I know now that I was wrong) *on the forehead*; but the custom might have changed since then. I stripped naked as Cain’s parents before the Fall, and setting the looking-glass on the carpet, scanned my little person all over. Marks there certainly were, but they had come from— And yet, there were none elsewhere. How could I be

sure? One of the five might, must be *the* mark. Anyhow, it would not show; I dressed gleefully.

But alas! the question of the mark being solved, other considerations attacked me. Hitherto the killing of my brother had been a sweet sop to my vengeance. It needed but a slight movement of pride to convert it into bitter ashes.

Often had John and I talked with mingled fear and desire of the day when, quitting the nursery and the inglorious safety of home, we should venture on the splendid troubles of a boarding-school, and often had I envied him because, being my elder by a year, he would earn this fame before me. But now, how stood the matter? Had not I already attained to this summit of our ambition? Was I not, here in this bedroom of Mr. Toppin's, at a boarding-school before him,—oh, ravishing circumstance!—while he—why, he was—he was—*John was dead!* The truth pressed its awful visage very close. Yet still, in order to avoid an answer, I asked myself over and over, was John really gone? I by no means understood what it meant, his being dead, nor did I realise my own part in the tragedy. I was just conscious of a sad fate on one I loved dearly, and my grief was, half of it, sympathy. The rest was hopeless dejection before that cruel word *never*,—never see John again! In those two syllables resides more sadness to a child's mind than the most dismal philosopher in his darkest condemnation of life has ever even distantly hinted. *Never!* It swept through my brain as gruesomely now as a dying man's shriek,—as John's dying shriek, though in reality John had died as orderly as most people.

And then, at last, to me broken and despairing rose the most hideous phantom of all,—something inexpressible, overwhelming, like waking up in the middle of the night,—the sense of guilt. I cannot analyse it; the horror

and anguish are still too sore. I can only tell what I did. Rising from the floor, creeping gently (frightened at my own white face in the looking-glass) to the window, I put a chair against the sill, mounted on it, twisted the blind-cord round my neck tightly, then, with shut eyes and compressed lips, jumped.

My eyes re-opened under the suasion of Mr. Toppin's cold sprinklings. Then followed this dialogue: "What was it you were doing, boy?" I had no notion. "But did you not know that suicide is all one with murder?" "I am a murderer." "I am saying it," returned Mr. Toppin. "At least, that is——" "But the mark will not show." "The mark?" I remembered John. "Is he really dead, quite dead?" I interrupted, trying to rise. Mr. Toppin, who had been kneeling over me with a perturbed face, started back, throwing up his bony hands. "Who?" he asked. "John, of course." "Child, child, you have lost your faculty of reason. The punishment (God forgive me!) has been over-severe. You shall go home at once." "What," said I astonished, "not on to the face of the earth?" "What will his father say?" moaned the pedagogue. "It may restore, it may calm him to be with his playmate." Then turning to me, "Come, my little man, I will take you away to your brother." "No!" I screamed in terror at the idea. "I dare not see the corpse." "But there is no corpse," remonstrated Mr. Toppin. "What put such awful imaginings into your brain?" "No corpse? Then John is not dead? Then it was not the mark, after all!"

I must confess to just a touch of disappointment.

The hysterical governess afterwards married a captain of Volunteers who beat her; but her punishment did not equal mine. My brother, rational fellow as he always was, had seen the wisdom of ducking.

THE TRUE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.<sup>1</sup>

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;  
 Or like stout Cortes when with eagle eyes  
 He stared at the Pacific, and all his men  
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise,  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

KEATS, with the poet's instinct, has seized upon one of the supreme moments in the history of the human race to illustrate his own feelings when, "standing aloof in giant ignorance," he caught his first glimpse of what was to him the new world of Homer. And, we may add, he has therein exercised to the full one of the poet's greatest privileges, by fixing Cortes for ever in the general mind as the discoverer of the Great South Sea.

It is true that but for one of those trivial accidents which so often determine the fate of men, and sometimes even of empires, the glory imagined by Keats for Cortes would in all human probability have been really his. While still waiting upon fortune in the New World, like so many other poor well-born young Spaniards of his day, Cortes had resolved to throw in his lot with Diego de Nicuesa, the governor of the new province of Veragua. Had he done so, the course of both lives might have been differently shaped; the gallant but luckless Nicuesa might have gone down to his grave full of years and honour, and stout Cortes might in truth have been the first European to stare at the Pacific. But the fates willed otherwise; an injury to his knee kept Cortes at home in Hispaniola, and Nicuesa sailed without him on the most disastrous of all the Spanish ventures in the New World. Till the unfortunate expedition to California in his last days there is nothing in what is recorded of him,

or in his own letters to the Emperor to show that Cortes ever set eyes on the Pacific, and it is as certain as anything can be that he was never at any time in Darien. He had heard many tales of what he calls "the other sea of the South" while in Mexico, and after the capture of the city had sent exploring parties out to search for and take possession of it. This was formally done in 1522 (nine years after the Spanish flag had first floated over its waters) at a point on the southern borders of Mexico, somewhere probably in the bay of Tehuantepec. In the following year he established a colony on the coast at Zacatala (where there is still a little seaport of the same name to the north of Acapulco) and set it at once to ship-building. Nor was he idle on the Atlantic sea-board. He sent a fleet under his famous captain Christoval de Olid to settle Honduras and to explore the coast southward to Darien. Along those fabled shores men still believed that every river ran over golden sands, and that somewhere in their mysterious recesses lay hidden the strait between the two seas, the discovery of which would make the Emperor, as Cortes wrote, lord of more realms and states than the world had any knowledge of. Whether the news of Magellan's passage through the southern strait had reached Cortes before Olid sailed seems doubtful. His letter to the Emperor is dated from the city of Mexico, October 15th, 1524, two years after the crazy, half-manned *Victory* had staggered into the Guadalquivir from her voyage round the globe, leaving

<sup>1</sup> See an article under this title, by Captain Gambier, R. N., in the *Fortnightly Review* for January, 1894.

the great sailor in his lonely island grave. But much of the letter is of course retrospective, and at the close he alludes to Magellan's discovery of the Philippines and to the probabilities of a northern passage somewhere between Florida and Bacalaos (Newfoundland) which should come out near the new Archipelago. By that time it is plain that the idea of a central strait had been definitely abandoned; but before the year 1522 it was the general belief that it was to be found where Columbus had so painfully sought for it on his last voyage, at some point on the Isthmus of Darien. Cortes then was something more than a great soldier; but the circumstances of his position obliged him to entrust his schemes for discovery and colonisation to others. Save for his disastrous expeditions into Honduras and California, almost the only failures of his triumphant career, the great Marquis of the Valley lives in history as the conqueror of Mexico. The real discoverer of the Great South Sea was "the man who knew not when he was beaten (*hombre que no sabia estar parado*)," Vasco Nuñez de Balboa.

It must have been a splendid moment when the waters of that promised sea lay unrolled before Balboa's eyes, one of the great triumphant moments in the history of human enterprise. For many a year vague rumours of a vast ocean bordered by countries whose wealth was a byword even among men to whom gold was but dirt, had floated to the greedy ears of the Spanish adventurers. Columbus had heard them, with ears greedy not for gold but for glory, and roused his failing strength for one more voyage which should lead him at last to the real Cathay whose outworks he believed himself to have found when he set foot on the green shores of Guanahani. Long and sorely he toiled for the strait which was to lead him into these wonderful new waters and on to those regions of the blest whereof Marco Polo and Toscanelli had taught him.

He found much on that famous last voyage, but this strait he did not find. Then a few years later came Balboa, the true child of romance, smuggled on board in a cask to avoid his creditors, and at once, when landed on Darien, taking the first place in that factious little colony as a born leader of men. It was in one of his expeditions against the Indians of Darien, that Balboa first received more solid assurance of this fabled sea. The son of a rich and friendly cacique, Comagre, lord of a province of the same name, had presented the Spaniards with a rich treasure of gold and slaves. A quarrel arose over the division of the gift, which so disgusted the generous young savage that he struck the scales in which the gold was being weighed with his fist and scattered their contents on the ground. As the Spaniards stared at him in angry astonishment, he addressed them in some such fashion as this: "What is this, Christians; is it for such a little thing that you quarrel? If you so love this gold that to obtain it you banish yourselves from your own land and suffer infinite labours to harass peaceful nations, I will show you a country where you may have all you will." Then he pointed southwards where beyond a lofty range of mountains lay a vast sea. Across this sea, he told them, lay this country where the people ate and drank out of golden vessels, and where indeed gold was more common than iron among the Spaniards. But to reach this country, he added, they would have to fight their way through the territories of many great princes, and would need a force of at least a thousand men. Such was in substance this memorable speech, as Irving and Sir Arthur Helps have extracted it for us from the old Spanish chronicles. It was the first direct intimation to European ears of the Pacific Ocean and the kingdom of Peru; small wonder that, in the words of Peter Martyr, "Our captains, marvelling at the oration of



the naked young man, pondered in their minds, and earnestly considered his sayings."

Balboa had not a thousand men, nor one half of such a force at his disposal. One hundred and ninety Spaniards, carefully chosen and well armed, and a body of Indians whom he had won by his daring and his courteous manners, were all he took with him on this famous march. For twenty days they hewed and fought their way through forests and swamps, over mountains and rivers, till on the evening of the 25th of September, 1513, they halted at a small village at the foot of the last range which lay between them and their goal. At daybreak on the next morning such of them as had strength left for the work began to climb the mountain. By ten o'clock they had cleared the forests and the last peak rose bare before them. Then Balboa bade his men halt, and strictly charging them not to stir until he should summon them, went on alone. With a heart full of thoughts one can only guess at he reached the summit of the range, and there before him lay in truth yet another and a newer world. Below his feet stretched a vast expanse of rock and forest, of green plains and winding streams, and beyond this again, spreading southwards far as the eye could go, lay glittering in the morning light the waters of the promised sea. Since Moses went up from the plains of Moab unto the mountain of Nebo, what moment in any recorded history of man's life can match with this! And as was said to Moses so might have been said to this Spaniard: "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither." Balboa had discovered the sea, but others were to reap the harvest of its golden shores; and among the little band who were with him on that memorable September morning was Francisco Pizarro.

It would be outside our present purpose to describe how Balboa made

his painful way back again to Darien; of the almost incredible toil with which he transported the materials for his little fleet across the mountains and through the forests of the isthmus; how he built and rebuilt it amid ceaseless perils from the enemy and from a climate scarcely less hostile, till at length he launched it on those waters whereon, so far as human knowledge goes, no white man had sailed since the creation of the world; nor of the reward his splendid deserts met with at the treacherous hands of Pedrara. In all the annals of the Spanish Conquest there is no story, save that of Columbus alone, more stirring and more pathetic than that of this valiant, much enduring man. It seems indeed to justify the proud boast of the old Castilian writer that, "None but Spaniards could ever have conceived or persisted in such an undertaking, and that no commander in the new world but Vasco Nuñez could have brought it to a successful issue."

It is all over now. There are no more worlds to be discovered. The poles are little likely to give up their secrets, and on this habitable globe at least no Seneca will venture to foretell a time

—quibus Oceanus  
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens  
Pateat tellus.

To taste the rapture of discovery we must turn to books; and no doubt the sensations with which one first learns from the printed page things hitherto perhaps undreamed of, or at best but vaguely surmised, are, as Keats has said, in some measure akin to those enjoyed by explorers in the material world. And the same danger attends them both, the danger of drawing too hasty conclusions, of deciding at the first glance that we have found that which we went out to seek. Did not Columbus, with his mind full of the speculations of the ancients, the dreams of the schoolmen, and the imperfect

knowledge of his own century, full too of his own lofty imagination and romantic faith, believe that in the Caribbean Archipelago he had surely found the fabled Indies of Marco Polo? It is the fashion indeed to say that he died in that belief, and even to jeer at him for it, as being in truth no such great man if thirteen years of fresh discoveries did not suffice to convince him of his mistake. But the mistake, we think, does not lie with Columbus. It is surely out of all reason to suppose that he would have spent his last years in the search for the strait by which he was to sail over the unknown sea for the gold and spices of Cipango and Cathay, if he died in the belief that he had already found them. But we need not stay to discuss this question now. There is, we repeat, danger ahead of the explorer of the printed page as of him who explores the greater page of nature. As to the wondering eyes of the traveller in strange lands every mole-hill takes the proportions of a mountain, and every shrub looms large as a forest tree, so the reader who in the quiet of his library first lights upon some passage which *vincula rerum laxat*, upsetting, or seeming to his excited fancies to upset all previous theories, is apt to lose his head in the first rapture of discovery. Nay, and the danger to the reader is even greater than to the traveller. So vast is the number of books, and so untiring the industry of man, that it is rash to assume that any one author has exhausted all knowledge on any one subject, or that we are really the first to lay bare these long buried and forgotten truths to the world.

It is in this way that Captain Gambier has gone wrong, it seems to us, in his extremely entertaining article on *The True Discovery of America* in the Fortnightly Review for last January. He claims that the honours paid by universal consent to Christopher Columbus for upwards of four hundred years are really due to another man, to Jean Cousin, a

French sailor, who was on the Brazilian coast in 1488, four years before Columbus anchored among the Bahamas. And this miscarriage of justice came not through accident, as will sometimes happen, or through ignorance, but through one "of the most unblushing conspiracies" on record hatched during Cousin's own lifetime. Several nations and a few "notorious and celebrated" characters were partners in this conspiracy. The nations were Spain, Portugal, and the States of the Church; the characters, Ferdinand and Isabella, and Columbus, "the last not only personally and with premeditation, but also through the paramount self-interest of his sons, the legitimate Diego and the illegitimate Fernando." Alas for Columbus!

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean!  
Chains

For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,

As holy John had prophesied of me,  
Gave glory and more empire to the kings  
Of Spain than all their battles! Chains  
for him

Who pushed his prows into the setting sun,

And made West East, and sailed the Dragon's mouth,

And came upon the Mountain of the World,

And saw the rivers roll from Paradise.

One would have thought that the Admiral had suffered enough at men's hands in his lifetime, and might be suffered now to sleep at peace in his grave.

It is an ancient claim, nearly as old as Columbus himself according to some French writers, though we have not yet been able to discover the proofs alleged for this extreme antiquity. It has however been many times urged within the last two centuries, but rarely, if ever, we think with quite so much vehemence as by Captain Gambier, and certainly never with such an extraordinary display of personal antipathy to Columbus. No one of the Admiral's jealous cap-

tains, no one of the needy, reckless adventurers among whom he strove to keep order, not even his life-long enemy Bi-hop Fonseca, could well have said much bitterer things of him than this English sailor. With the exception of personal courage he allows Columbus no virtue under heaven, and even courage he allows him somewhat grudgingly. He was a conspirator, a religious humbug, a hopelessly incapable leader and administrator. "In his lifetime he had greatness thrust on him, and it crushed him. Since his death he has been beatified, and *if he only lives long enough* [the italics are Captain Gambier's], may some day be a saint. But it is easier to be a saint than a great man; the stuff they are made of is not the same." What does it all mean? When Mr. Rasmus Anderson charges Columbus with dishonesty and want of frankness we can understand him. He was writing both as an American and as a Professor of Scandinavian languages in an American university, and therefore in both capacities bound to make the most of those stories of Vinland and Markland, of the Norse voyages in the tenth and eleventh centuries, and of all the wonders told in the Saga of Eric the Red; stories which in Mr. Goldwin Smith's somewhat cruel words, only attest the yearnings of a new nation for antiquity, but which for all that may be possible enough, and certainly cannot be proved impossible. Mr. Anderson thinks that Columbus must have heard these stories on his visit to Iceland in 1477, and given them as full credence as he does; and he complains that Columbus, when he sailed from Palos on his great voyage, was not "honest and frank enough to disclose his previous information, but talked about himself as chosen by Heaven to make this discovery."<sup>1</sup> Mr. Anderson's charge might perhaps carry more weight had Columbus sailed north-

wards in the track of Leif and Thorfinn; but still, as we say, we can account for it in the circumstances, and at least he measures his words more carefully than Captain Gambier, whose personal feeling is altogether inexplicable to us. He is an officer of our own Royal Navy, and presumedly an Englishman. No racial jealousy then can have stirred him to such bitter battle for the Frenchman against the Genoese. Indeed the only parallel to his case that our knowledge furnishes us with is the story of another English sailor who assaulted a Jew in the public street, and of the explanation he gave thereof to the magistrate,—a story too familiar, doubtless, to our readers to need further identification.

Captain Gambier's first witness to Cousin's exploits is David Asseline, the Dieppese Herodotus, as his countrymen call him, and author of *Les Antiquitez et Chroniques de la Ville de Dieppe*, which after an existence in manuscript of nearly two centuries was first printed in 1874. Asseline made use of the archives of the French admiralty at Dieppe, bringing his work down to the year 1682, some twenty-one years before his own death. In 1694 Dieppe, admiralty, archives and all lay in ashes under the English cannon, and all Cousin's logs and journals are said to have perished with them—a doubly disastrous loss in the circumstances. We are led to infer, however, that Asseline had studied these precious journals, and in his book, writes Captain Gambier, there is no sign of doubt that Cousin made this voyage; "not that he laid particular stress on it, for at that time the question as to the discovery of America had not assumed the enormously sentimental aspect it now possesses." Much stress he certainly did not lay upon it, inasmuch as we have been unable to discover a single allusion to it in the two volumes, wherein Cousin's name is only once mentioned, as a skilful hydrographer. Seeing how careful Asseline is for the

<sup>1</sup> *America not discovered by Columbus*; Chicago, 1877.

credit of the French sailors of the sixteenth century, Parmentier, de Gourgues, Ribaut, and the rest, it is curious that he should have found no word to say for the exploits of their famous predecessor, going even so far in the contrary direction as to assert that the first voyage ever made from Dieppe to the American coast was made by the aforesaid Parmentier to Brazil in 1529. Whether this was quite so or not we need not now stay to inquire; it is at least clear that so far as Cousin is concerned, Asseline can do little for us. But the next witness is more communicative. In Desmarquets' *Mémoires Chronologiques pour servir à l'Histoire de Dieppe* (1785) the story begins to assume more solid proportions.

Jean Cousin was a native of Dieppe, a brave and skilful sailor who had contributed materially to the success of the French fleets in the English war of 1487. In return for this the merchants of Dieppe gave him the command of a ship to go exploring for them in the track of the Portuguese on the African coast. But Cousin had ideas of his own, and a soul above following in any man's track. He had sat at the feet of one Desceliers (or des Chaliers), a priest of Arques, and according to Desmarquets the best mathematician and astronomer of his time, a man whose memory would now be held in the greatest esteem had he been born two centuries later and found a competent biographer. Under him Cousin had studied the science of navigation and of hydrography more profoundly than any other sailor of his day; he was the first man in the universe, we are told, for instance, who had been able to take the elevation in mid-ocean. He had resolved, therefore, not to continue hugging the coast as his predecessors had done, and so soon as he had cleared the Channel struck boldly out southwards and westwards into that unknown waste of waters which men still spoke fearfully of as the Sea of Darkness (*mare tenebrosus*). For

two months Cousin sailed with the trade wind and a strong westerly current till he found himself in the mouth of a vast river, which he perceived must drain some continent of corresponding proportions, and which was known to the natives by the name of Maragnon. This river was of course the Amazon, and by its native name it continued to be called till Orellana, coming over the Andes from Peru in 1540, sailed down it to the sea, and gave it the name it now bears from the bands of armed women he met with on his voyage. Having taken his bearings, and collected some birds, spices, and other assurances of his discovery, Cousin sailed for the African coast, which he made at a point he called Les Trois Aiguilles, and which was in fact the Cape of Good Hope. He thence sailed northwards up the coast for the Congo, and here arose a quarrel between his men and the natives, owing to the misconduct of one of the former. On his return to Dieppe he reported this man for his mutinous behaviour on the voyage as well as on the African coast; and so distressed were the merchants at this affair and its possible influence on their trade, that Cousin's discovery passed quite out of sight. So completely indeed was it forgotten that when a little later he was sent out in command of a small fleet for fresh discoveries, instead of making for his new continent, he steered directly for the Aiguilles, and, rounding them safely, actually reached India, where, says Desmarquets, he exchanged his merchandise to very great profit, and so returned to Dieppe after an absence of about two years.

Truly a wonderful man this Cousin, and a wonderful biographer he has found; and even more wonderful was his instructor, the pious Desceliers, as we shall see in due time. It is just possible that Cousin may have been ignorant of Diaz' great voyage in 1486-7,<sup>1</sup> wherein he also

<sup>1</sup> Not in 1493 as Captain Gambier puts it.

rounded these Aiguilles, the Cape of Storms as he christened it, and looked upon the Indian Sea. But it is not credible that Vasco da Gama, who is commonly believed to have been the first to reach India by way of the Cape in 1498, should have heard no word of Cousin's voyage. To be sure news did not travel so fast then as now, and it may be true that the Frenchmen resolved to keep their secret close and to have no intruders on their new trade. But it is no very far cry from Lisbon to Dieppe, and it is hard to believe that at a time when all the world was bent on discoveries, and when French and Portuguese ships were continually coming and going along the eastern shores of the Atlantic, no word of Cousin's Indian voyage should have leaked out in all those years. But these are mysteries we cannot profess to explain, and neither Desmarquets nor Estancelin, who subsequently elaborated the former's somewhat meagre narrative,<sup>1</sup> affords us any help. Captain Gambier declines to discuss the subject, as one in which he is not concerned; and no doubt he does wisely. It seems indeed hard that Columbus should be thus harried in his grave, and da Gama suffered to sleep undisturbed in his borrowed plumes. But to prove the Admiral of the Ocean an impostor may well be thought work enough for one man at one time.

To return then to Cousin's western voyage. We have seen that his trading enterprise on the African coast was seriously marred by the misconduct of one of his crew, whom he had also to report for general misconduct on the voyage. The name of this man was Pinzon, a noticeable name in the history of Columbus, as every one knows. He was Cousin's second in command, an obstinate, jealous fellow, as Desmarquets says, an older sailor than his captain but

uneducated, and evidently a mutinous dog to boot. For his jealousy of his captain, and his insubordination, perhaps the Dieppe merchants did not much care; but they were furiously angry at his behaviour to the African natives as likely to imperil their trade. They accordingly dismissed Pinzon from their service, and the sulky Spaniard returned to his own home breathing threats against the whole French nation.

Captain Gambier's contention is that this man was no other than Vincent Pinzon, one of the three brothers of that name who sailed with Columbus on his first voyage, that Columbus must certainly have heard from him of Cousin's discovery, and must consequently have known perfectly well what was before him when he sailed out from the little port of Palos on that memorable August morning in 1492. If Desmarquets's tale be true, and a Spanish sailor named Vincent Pinzon did sail with Cousin to the coast of Brazil, there is certainly a strong balance of evidence in Captain Gambier's favour. Let us first see then how far Desmarquets deserves credit, for Cousin himself cannot be summoned owing to that unlucky bombardment, and nothing, as we have seen, is to be got from Asseline. It is not easy to check Desmarquets's story, for, after the general fashion of his time, he writes it straight on without any reference to authorities, and we have found nothing in the least degree like it in any earlier work. A very sufficient critic has however tested him on certain points, and likes not the security. Mr. Major, the late keeper of the department of maps and charts in the British Museum, was not a man before whom one would have cared to come with doubtful credentials, and Desmarquets makes, it must be owned, a very indifferent appearance in Mr. Major's hands. He examines the story of Cousin's discovery of the Cape and of his Indian voyage, and this is what he thinks of it.

<sup>1</sup> *Recherches sur les voyages et découvertes des navigateurs Normandes*; Paris, 1832. We have incorporated his account with Desmarquets's in our narrative.



One longs to make a more intimate acquaintance with this able hydrographer Descaliers, to whose scientific acumen these great results were due. M. Desmarquets speaks of him as the *Abbé Descaliers*, a priest of Arques, and the best mathematician and astronomer of his time. Now I happen to have in my charge at the British Museum a most superb map of the world, on vellum, the execution of which might fairly warrant a compatriot in complimenting its author as "the best mathematician and astronomer of his time." The map records the name of its author and its date thus: "*Faite a Arques, par Pierres Desceliers, Pbre, l'an 1550. Done at Arques by Pierres (sic) Desceliers, priest,*" who with his own hand tells us that its date is 1550.

Now that there should have been a Descaliers and a Desceliers, both priests at Arques, and both super-excellent as mathematicians and hydrographers, one in 1488, and the other in 1550, seems so improbable, that only remarkable accuracy in M. Desmarquets' statements in general would induce us to give credence to it. A few pages, when I come to speak of the discovery of China by the sea, I shall have a valuable opportunity of showing what reliance is to be placed on his assertions, when he ventures on another claim to Dieppe discovery in that direction. [This refers to Desmarquets's account of Jean Parmentier's last voyage.] But it may be urged that Desceliers and Descaliers were one and the self-same person.<sup>1</sup> So I believe them to be. M. Desmarquets, however, who is always remarkably circumstantial, tells us that Descaliers was born in 1440, which would make him in that case the constructor of the beautiful *mappe-monde* in the British Museum at the age of one hundred and ten. This is inadmissible, and we have only the almost impossible alternative that there were two such prodigies in scientific excellence of the same name, place, and priestly office, and one of them flourishing at a period when we find not a single evidence of hydrographic skill existing at Arques. Moreover, the fact of there having been two such marvellous persons would call for especial mention by M. Desmarquets, whereas he speaks only of one, although

he mentions by name the successors of his Descaliers in the school of hydrography at Arques even beyond the period of the indubitable Desceliers of the Museum map. But as I pledge myself to show further on that M. Desmarquets could commit himself to assertions of great moment which are demonstrably false, it may fairly be concluded that the unquestionable Pierre Desceliers of 1550 has been carried back in his existence more than half a century to give an appearance of reality to a discovery which is not found recorded elsewhere.<sup>2</sup>

It is a fair conclusion as it stands; and a further search in the Museum has, with the help of Mr. C. H. Coote who now so ably fills Mr. Major's place, enabled us to establish it beyond a shadow of doubt. Asseline mentions a wondrous map of the world made by Desceliers, which, writes Captain Gambier, is now to be seen in the library at Padua. This assertion is made on the strength of a note by Asseline's editor to that effect, with a reference to a description of the map in the *Bulletins de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*. Now, there are only three maps signed by Desceliers known to be in existence: the earliest, dated 1546, is in Lord Crawford's collection; another, dated 1550, is in the British Museum as described by Mr. Major; a third, dated 1553, is in the library of the Abbé Bubies at Vienna. It is clear then that none of these maps can be the handiwork of the Desceliers who was born in 1440. Where then shall we look for the Paduan masterpiece? If Captain Gambier had cared to verify before accepting the French editor's reference, a journey to the British Museum would have told him all he wished to know; it might even have told him a little more, for in truth the knowledge would have brought home

<sup>1</sup> The name was spelled in many ways; Des Cheliers, Des Celiers, Deschelliers, Desceliers and Descaliers, the latter being apparently the popular form. See a note by Asseline's editors, ii. 325.

<sup>2</sup> *The Life of Prince Henry of Portugal, surnamed the Navigator, and its results*; by Richard Henry Major. London, 1868. See also *Histoire du Brésil Français au Seizième Siècle*, by Paul Gaffarel; Paris, 1878. M. Gaffarel repudiates Desmarquets, and especially his Desceliers, quite as strongly as Mr. Major.



to him the point of honest Sancho's proverb, "Many a man comes for wool and goes home shorn." This famous map belonged to M. Christophe Negri, a professor in the University of Padua, and may therefore have been at some time in that town; but in the year 1861 it was certainly with its owner in Turin, where it was bought from him by the trustees of the British Museum. For in truth this map, so triumphantly quoted by Captain Gambier as a proof of the surpassing skill of Pierre Desceliers, priest of Arques, born in 1440, the instructor of Jean Cousin, and the first astronomer and mathematician of his day, is no other than the self-same map described by Mr. Major as bearing upon it the incontestable proof that it was made by Pierre Desceliers, priest of Arques, in 1550, and at that time, according to Asseline, a contemporary of Cousin. This way madness lies! Indeed, the only possible chance of reconciling Asseline, Desmarquets, and Captain Gambier is to assume that there were two pupils as well as two teachers, two Cousins and two Desceliers.<sup>1</sup>

But if we allow for the moment the truth of Desmarquets's story, and Captain Gambier's assumption that Columbus knew all about the voyage from Vincent Pinzon and about the great southern continent that he and Cousin had discovered four years earlier, it still remains to be explained why Columbus refused to use this knowledge. Captain Gambier has read the famous story in such strange fashion, or has read it in such a strange and hitherto unknown version, that it is not easy to follow him here, and indeed he seems himself to find some little difficulty in unravelling all the threads of his ingenious web. It is not, for instance, clear in his narrative whether Columbus had talked with the

Pinzons before his visit to the monastery of La Rabida, which resulted in Friar Perez's letter of recommendation to Isabella; or whether Perez himself introduced him to the Pinzons. The story runs as clear as water in Irving's pages, but Captain Gambier, confused possibly by the maze of intrigue into which his discovery has plunged him, gives both versions in the same breath. One thing, however, stands out clear from the tangle; he is convinced that Queen Isabella, Friar Perez her confessor, the learned physician Garcia Fernandez, the Pinzons, and Columbus were all in the plot together. True, there is the letter of Perez to the Queen. There is, says Captain Gambier, with many others on the same subject, "but there are letters which are preserved and letters which are destroyed," and it is impossible to say what Perez may not have written privately to the Queen, or what so suddenly made her change her mind; an argument which has at the least the advantage of being unanswerable.

There still remains the question, why did not Columbus and the Pinzons make at once for the land of which Vincent had told them, and to which he knew the way? Here the confusion grows dark as night, dark as that *mare tenebrosum* on which they were launched. When the little fleet had sailed some twelve hundred miles on its way without any sign of land, "Columbus calls a council of his captains to decide whether to return or not. But the Pinzons resist the idea strenuously, indeed with such vehemence that *one is compelled to acknowledge that at least they knew land could easily be reached*." 'What!' cries Vincent Pinzon, 'only twelve hundred miles out and turn back! We will not turn back until we have been two thousand!' 'We only left Palos yesterday,' says Alonzo Pinzon, 'and are we to return? Has our courage failed us already? No; never; God is with us.' And why did Columbus think it necessary to

<sup>1</sup> Brit. Mus. add. MSS. 24065: *Bulletin de la Société des Antiquaires de l'Ouest*, vol. for 1852-3., pp. 304, 343. See also M. Gaffarel's book as quoted above.

consult these men, if he himself had such unbounded belief in the enterprise! Doubtless because he wished to strengthen his own position with the crew by the views of a man *who had actually seen the land they were bound for.*" The authorities given for this remarkable conversation are Las Casas's and Columbus's own journals. What can Captain Gambier possibly mean? If he knows anything of either he must surely know that both in the history and in the journals there is not only no single word in support of this story, but direct and absolute disproof of it. Irving mentions it only to show how perfectly it is contradicted by the evidence of both those works, of Peter Martyr and the curate of Los Palacios, and of the *Historia del Almirante*, written by his son Ferdinand chiefly from his father's papers. The only contemporary authority for it is Oviedo, who seems never to have seen Columbus's own journals, and to have derived his information of the voyage from some of the Pinzons' partisans, who afterwards gave evidence against the Admiral in the suit brought by his son Diego against the Crown, and were flatly contradicted by other witnesses in the same case. But Captain Gambier, we suspect, has been reading the report of the proceedings of a conference held at Madrid in 1891, wherein certain members of the Spanish Academy somewhat disingenuously supported an attempt to put forward Martin Pinzon (a real Spaniard and no foreigner!) as the true discoverer of the New World, on the evidence of these discredited witnesses. It may be safely said that no one who had not made up his mind to destroy Columbus's good name on any and every pretext would give two moments' thought to a story so absolutely at variance not only with the recorded facts of his life, but with all that is known (and he himself has made the knowledge ample) of the character of that great man.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Harrisse has conclusively disposed of *'ces balivernes*, as he rightly calls this

But even more remarkable than this conversation is the inference drawn from it by Captain Gambier in the sentences we have italicised. Columbus was sailing, it must be remembered, due west from the Canaries, according to the plan he had laid down for his voyage from his own studies and the advice of Toscanelli. Yet the Pinzons were so vehemently urgent with him to go on because they knew land could be easily reached that way; and Columbus elicited their opinion to silence the murmurs of his mutinous crew by the advice of a man who had actually seen the land they were bound for. But the only land the Pinzons knew of was the banks of the Amazon. What a confusion is here! Columbus, who had grown frightened and would have turned back but for his captains, brave in their knowledge of the land ahead of them (a knowledge, according to Captain Gambier, shared equally by the Admiral), elicits their advice to hold on his present course, *on the twenty-sixth degree of north*

ridiculous story; see *Christophe Colomb devant l'Histoire* (Paris, 1892), 54—61, and notes. See also Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, i, 228, note. Las Casas's great work, *Historia de las Indias*, was never published till 1875, but was used in manuscript by both Irving and Helps. A small volume, *Brevisima Relacion de la Destruccion de las Indias*, was published in 1552, during Las Casas's lifetime, from which various English versions and paraphrases were made in that and the following centuries. The original journal of his first voyage was sent by Columbus to the Court on his return, and has long been lost. It was used by both Las Casas and Ferdinand Columbus. A very copious abstract in the former's handwriting was in existence at the end of last century, and was published in Navarrete's *Coleccion de los Viajes y Descubrimientos que hicieron por mar los Españoles desde fines del siglo XV.* Madrid, 1825—37, which Irving was the first to make use of. The edition published last year by the Hakluyt Society was translated from the text of Navarrete. The title of Ferdinand Columbus's biography of his father is too long to transcribe; it is generally quoted as *Historia del Almirante or Vita dell' Ammiraglio*. It was first printed at Venice in 1571; an English translation of it will be found in Churchill's *Collection of Voyages* (ed. 1732—52), vol. ii.

latitude, in order to encourage his men (who must therefore also have been in Pinzon's secret) by the opinion of one who had actually seen the land they were bound for, that is *the banks of the Amazon*. Surely this is a strange jumble. The maps and charts of those days were indeed rather confused things, and the knowledge of the science of navigation still in its infancy; but if Pinzon had really made that voyage with Cousin he must have known that the Amazon was not to be reached by sailing due west on the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude. Yet of what other interpretation are Captain Gambier's words susceptible? However, the confusion is evidently one rather of words than ideas, for immediately afterwards we find Captain Gambier commenting on the Pinzons' persistent advice to steer a more southerly course, advice that can only be explained "on the hypothesis that Vincent had some perfectly clear recollection that Cousin had sailed considerably further south than they were going." From Columbus's own journals ("written," as Irving most justly says, "from day to day with guileless simplicity and all the air of truth") we know exactly what happened. On October 6th Martin Pinzon suggested a more westerly course, and on the following day Columbus, observing the flight of certain birds which he knew were never seen far from land, and fearing, from the distance they had already gone, that he might be holding too much to the northward for Cipango, the real goal of his hopes, took Martin's advice. He made his course W.S.W. till at sunset of the 11th he put the ship's head due west again, and on that same night (reckoning by the old style) the mysterious light was seen "like a wax candle rising and falling." In the dawn of the next day San Salvador lay before them.

It might fairly be urged that Vincent Pinzon, who, long as he had used the sea, was no skilled navigator, may

have had but a very vague recollection of Cousin's course, and of the real bearings of the Amazon. But Captain Gambier will not allow this. He contends that Vincent's recollection was perfectly clear, and triumphantly proves it by the course he held on his voyage in 1500. In the last month of the fifteenth century Vincent sailed from Palos in command of four ships fitted out by him and his nephews, the sons of his brother Martin, who died, it is supposed of chagrin, soon after his return from Columbus's first voyage. "They sailed," writes Captain Gambier, "straight for the Amazon, and all Spain knew where they were going." If this was so, then all Spain knew much more than did Vincent Pinzon, for he certainly did not make straight for the Amazon. What he did do was to follow in the track of Vesputius and Ojeda, who in the spring of 1499 had been despatched to the Pearl Coast by Bishop Fonseca, always eager to thwart Columbus, and particularly anxious then to rob him of the profit from what promised to be one of his richest discoveries. Vesputius sailed too much to the south, and made the Brazilian coast at a point, it is supposed, a little below Surinam. News of this voyage had reached Spain in October, and in a couple of months Pinzon started in their track. He held still more to the south, making land probably about Pernambuco. Coasting northwards from that point, he rounded Cape San Roque, which he named Santa Maria de la Consolacion, and while crossing the equator again, found the sea water fresh enough to drink, although no land was in sight. Wondering what this might mean, he at once stood in for the shore, and found himself among some islands inhabited by people more kindly disposed than those he had hitherto encountered. These islands he discovered to be lying in the mouth of a vast river nearly a hundred miles wide, and discharging volumes of fresh water more than a

hundred miles into the sea; no other indeed than the river Amazon, where he had anchored with Cousin in 1488, and of which his recollection was so clear that he had steered straight for it when he left Palos in 1499!

We cannot think then that Captain Gambier has proved the case for himself and his client quite so triumphantly as he assumes. It rests primarily, as we have seen, on the unsupported testimony of Desmarquets, drawn from sources which are said to have perished in the Revolution, which have left no trace or record behind them, but which at least cannot have been those used by Asseline or the mysterious logs and journals of Cousin which vanished in the flames of Dieppe just six and twenty years before Desmarquets was born. How the Frenchman's credit was originally shaken by Mr. Major we have also seen; and it has also been shown (we trust with no unbecoming insistence that Captain Gambier's arguments in support of his story are, to say the least, not quite unanswerable. Desmarquets' countrymen have naturally been anxious to believe it, and certain valorous French writers of our own day are of course firmly convinced of its absolute truth. But Estancelin has expressed the sober opinion of France when he admits that the story cannot be proved, pleading only that there is nothing so intrinsically improbable in its alleged facts as to relegate them to the region of manifest fable, to render them, in his own words, *absolument chimériques et inadmissibles*. In 1500 we know that Cabral was blown across in a storm from the African coast to Brazil, and we cannot say that the same thing

may not have happened to Cousin in 1488. But this is the most that can be said. Mr. Harris, Mr. Fiske, and Mr. Justin Winsor,<sup>2</sup> the three greatest living authorities on the subject, have all examined the story carefully, and all agree in refusing it the slightest credence. And even if we agree to be more credulous than them, and to take Jean Cousin's voyage to the Brazilian coast to be as solid history as the voyages of Leif and Thorfinn to the coasts of New England are sometimes held to be by good Americans, there still remains the question of Columbus's honesty. Our knowledge of the life and character of Columbus is probably more ample than our knowledge of any man so far removed from us. We will put character out of the question; it is dangerous, though seemingly attractive, to dogmatise on the character of any man who has been in his grave for close upon four centuries. Is there one single instance in his recorded actions or writings to show that he knew of Cousin's discovery? Does not every incident in his four voyages tend to prove that he could never have heard of it? If a Vincent Pinzon sailed with Cousin in 1488 what proof is there of his identity with the Vincent Pinzon who certainly sailed with Columbus in 1492? Does not all the evidence of his subsequent voyage in 1500 tend to prove that when he sailed out from Palos in the *Nina* he knew no more of the Amazon than he knew of the Ganges? Until some answers can be found to these questions other than those now possible, the Admiral of the Ocean shall surely sleep in peace.

<sup>1</sup> See Irving's *Voyages and Discoveries of Columbus and his Companions*, 27—35; and *The Discovery of America*, ii. 93—96, by Mr. John Fiske, a writer who in our day ranks second only to Mr. Harris, if indeed second to him, for the time and labour he has devoted to this subject.

<sup>2</sup> See *A Narrative and Critical History of America*, by Justin Winsor (London, 1886-9), perhaps the most extraordinary and bewildering maze of information ever printed. The explorer in these eight vast volumes may form some idea of the sensations of the Spanish sailors who first launched out into the Sea of Darkness.